

the village

VOICE

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VOL. XX No. 8

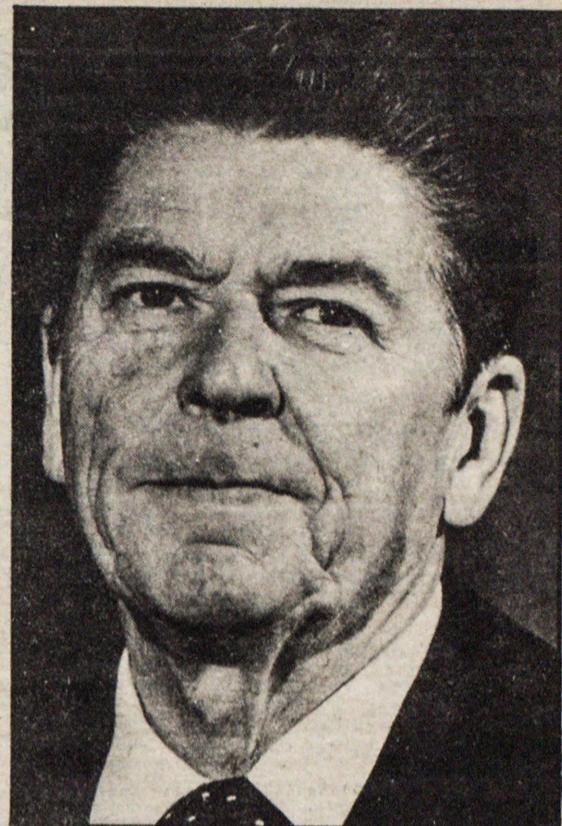
THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF NEW YORK

MON. FEB. 24, 1975

HUSBAND DUMPING

The Uncertain Consequences of Fleeing Bed and Bored

BY JANE JAFFE YOUNG (P.6)



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Bob Kriegel is conducting a weekend workshop on April 5-6 in N.Y. For more information Call Ina 431-7437 evenings

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Flo Kennedy, Susan Sherman, Cookie Cirillo, Benefit, a Woman's Place. Fri. Feb. 21, 8pm, Westbeth 155 Bank St. Don \$3

You were invited to hundreds of cultural, single, social and community events in and around NYC this week (many free) all listed day-by-day in Metro Almanac. Send \$4 for 25wk trial sub. Metro Almanac 80E 11th St. NYC 10003

"THE OPEN RELATIONSHIP" Open discussion with ISABEL MILLER 2PM Sun Feb. 23. Don \$1 at 33 Union Sq. W. by Lesbian Feminist Liberation. Info. 691-5460

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FORUM: WHY THE UNIONS WON'T FIGHT LAYOFFS. Friday Feb 21, 7:30PM. International Socialists 17 E. 17th St. 7th flr.

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LESBIAN SWITCHBOARD: A community service for Women with Support, Information, Referrals, Resources. Tues-Sat. 7-10PM, 741-2610

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WOMEN AS POLITICAL PRISONERS

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Come to NATIONAL GAY TASK FORCE gala benefit. RENO SWEENEY, Sun. Feb. 23. 8:30 PM. 126 West 13 St. Starring PETER ALLEN, LANA CANTRELL, RITA GARDNER, LARRY KERT. Tickets \$25 & \$10. NGTF, 80 Fifth Ave., NYC or at the door. Info: 741-1010

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NATIONAL GAY TASK FORCE monthly event, Tues, Feb. 25, 6-9pm. Meet Consumer Affairs Commiss. Elinor Guggenheimer. Calvary House. Park Avenue South & 21st St. Refreshments. Adm \$3 donation. Info 741-1010

Gay Dance Sat. Feb. 22nd. 9PM-2AM. McIntosh Hall, Barnard College. 119th St & Bway \$2. Sponsored by Gay People at Columbia Barnard

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Hassles? Problems? Frustrations? Weekly rap group every Monday 6:30 to 8:30 Host: Martin Shepard. No fee. Cont. only. Anthos 184 Fifth Ave. 6th floor. 691-6850

We met on Christopher St. at noon Wed. Feb. 12 at the height of the snow storm. You had been shopping & were coming from Bleeker St. w+some youngsters. We looked into each others eyes. It was a magic moment, full of promise & hope and should not have ended so abruptly. I needed a moment to explain my status. Please write A6269, VV80 University Place, NYC 10003

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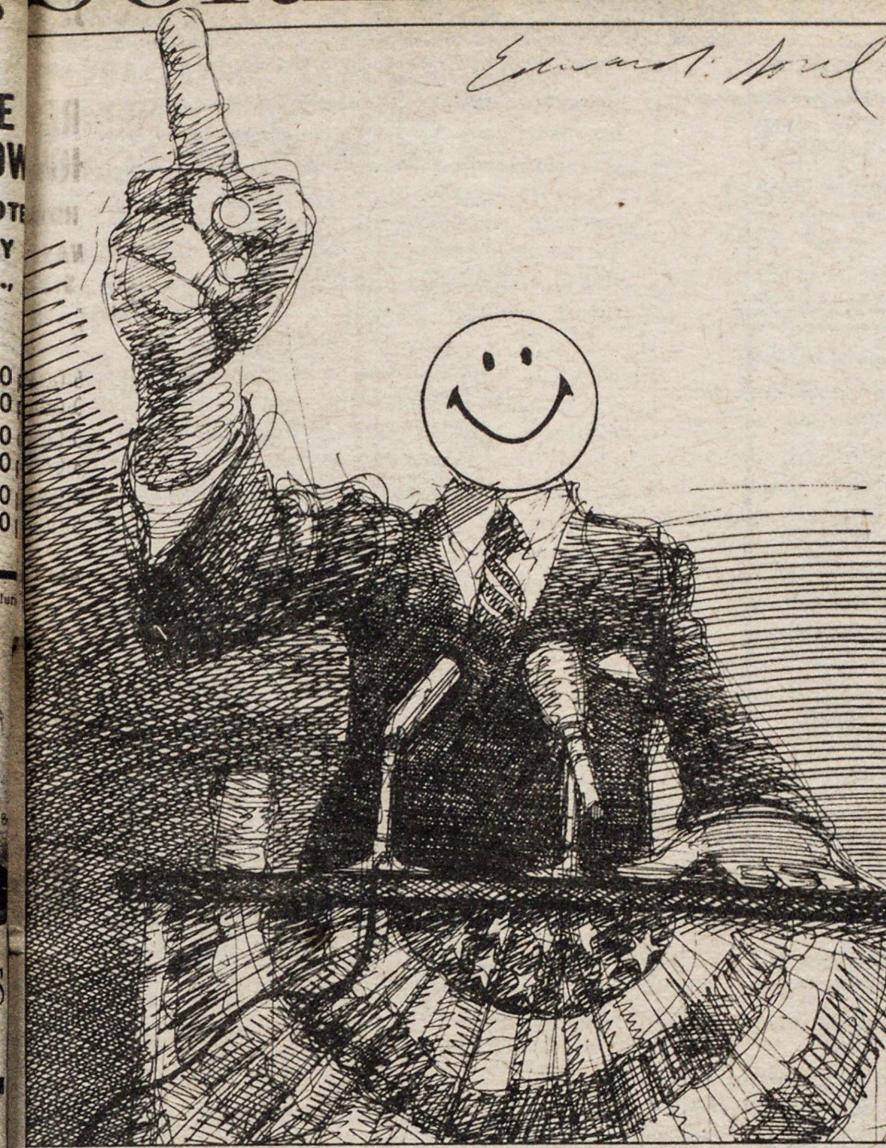
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SOREL

Edwin S.orel



Happy News for 1975

"President Eisenhower's phrase about the 'military-industrial complex' always seemed to me an odd capitulation on the former President's part to C. Wright Mills's theory of the power elite. I confess that I have seen no evidence of any such organized and consolidated faction, and I am wholly skeptical about the likelihood of a military coup."

—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

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LETTERS

The Wrest Is History

Dear Sir:

I must say I really enjoyed Ron Rosenbaum's piece on the assassination conference (Voice, February 10), but I have to add a complaint. I can buy the notion that Howard Hunt was in Dallas in November 1963, and it's feasible that Gordon Liddy had paid off Arthur Bremer—heck, I wouldn't bat an eyelash should it be revealed that Rose Mary Woods slept with James Earl Ray. But you're not going to sell me on the fact that "Arnold Stang" is the name of that John Birch Society investigator. (I read the Birch article—wasn't it Alan Stang?)

This is an obvious conspiracy against patriotic movements like the JBS, and I demand President Henry Ford be immediately notified.

—Ken Rudin
Fort Lee, New Jersey

The Power of Negative Thinking

Dear Sir:

It is, in a way, fortunate that photography has apparently become trendy enough among Voice readers to merit space. Otherwise, we certainly wouldn't be treated to such perceptive and incisive photographic

criticism. Then again, I suppose you could have chosen your writers badly. But you didn't.

We may yet save each other from the morass of reductive thinking that has paralyzed the New York art world and has of late made its appearance in contemporary photography.

We need Roberta Hellman and Marvin Hoshino.

—D. Klopfenstein
Deer Isle, Maine

For Political Asylum

Dear Sir:

I am writing to call attention to the case of six South Vietnamese exchange students who are now facing deportation. The students, Vu Ngoc Con, Bui Van Do, Doan Thi Nam Hau, Nguyen Hoang, Cao Thi My Loc, and Nguyen Dang Truc, originally came to this country in 1968 on an exchange program sponsored by the United States Agency for International Development and have since graduated.

Beginning in 1972, the students began speaking out against South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu and the repressive measures of his administration. Since that time, their visas have expired and the Saigon Consulate in San Francis-

co has refused to renew their passports, so now they are compelled to return to their country. Yet the students, fearing the South Vietnamese authorities, do not want to return.

This past spring, they applied to the Immigration and Naturalization Service for political asylum in the United States, citing Article 33 of the United Nations Conference on Refugees which the U.S. Senate ratified in 1968. On advise from the State Department, the INS rejected their request.

The students are attempting to obtain a stay of deportation under Article 243h of the Immigration and Naturalization Act, which empowers the attorney general to grant this stay to any alien who would face persecution upon return to his native land.

I would urge all of you to write to the attorney general and encourage him to implement this section of the Immigration and Naturalization Act as well as Article 14 (1) of the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights, which states that "Everyone has the right to seek and enjoy in other countries asylum from persecution," and grant these six students a stay of deportation.

—Bill Cangemi
Oneonta, New York

To Slur With Love

Dear Sir:

In the grand tradition of Uncle Tom, the court jester, and the stage Irishman, we have Joe Flaherty galloping to the rescue of Murray Kempton (Voice, February 17). He informs us that it is bad form to protest racial slurs—if they are against the Irish. It is better in his informed opinion to tsk tsk at the IRA and display one's winsome talent for witty phrases—remaining gloriously indifferent to the barba-

rism inflicted upon Irishmen in Northern Ireland and the bigotry people like Kempton display and people like Flaherty abet.

—W. Chris Gorman
Madison Avenue

Dr. Howard Brown

Dear Sir:

Dr. Howard Brown, New York City's Health Services Administrator during the Lindsay administration, died February 1, 1975. Dr. Brown was a professor at the NYU School of Public Administration.

A few years ago, Dr. Brown suffered a heart attack. While in the intensive care unit of a hospital, and being a doctor knowing that each moment might be his last, Dr. Brown discovered something. He discovered that the one person he loved would not be admitted to see him during this crisis.

The reason—Dr. Brown was a homosexual and this person was his lover, denied access to visitation because he was not a "relative."

Upon his recovery, Dr. Brown decided to take an important step. He had resigned from his city health administrator's position because of rumors that he was a gay and this was going to be used to embarrass

Strained Bedfellows

Dear Sir:

Re "Abzug vs. Krupsak or In-House Struggle?", Voice, February 17: The notion of a Krupsak-Abzug rift emanates from the kind of male mind that cannot believe or accept the reality that more than one woman can hold high political office in a state at the same time.

There is no Krupsak-Abzug rift and sensationalist and speculative articles will have no success in producing one.

—Bella S. Abzug
Mary Anne Krupsak
Manhattan

Continued on next page

LETTERS (CONTINUED)

the administration then in office. Dr. Brown "came out." He publicly acknowledged his homosexuality and by so doing attempted to give emotional support to others and further the cause of gay civil rights legislation in order to eliminate the very discrimination he had undergone during his illness.

Because of this city's archaic approach to human rights, he became more and more active in the movement. He continually placed himself in stressful situations in order to help and encourage the gay community. A person with a history of cardiac arrests is not supposed to undergo needless stress.

Due to the death of this brave man we are dedicating ourselves with even more vigor to obtain the necessary legislation on the city, state, and national level. This new intensity will be honoring in our way Dr. Howard Brown.

We hope he was with his loved one
Continued on page 39

The Blackboard Bungle

Dear Sir:

Our entire social studies class sat in disbelief as our teacher read the article about Hunter High (Voice, February 10) aloud.

Carola Dibbell gives the impression that Hunter is a lesbian factory, taking bright, normal girls and turning them into snobbish, intellectually-stifled lesbians. Perhaps Ms. Dibbell is recalling her own experiences of abnormal "stroking and tickling."

Both black and white girls in our class felt that the article was extremely unfair and completely distorted. The article made it seem as though the blacks are all idiots who don't fit in at all. The "shouting confrontation between the white teacher and black student," had Ms. Dibbell taken the time to find out about it was an indirect result of an incident in which the student had stolen a test.

This is the first time I have ever bought The Village Voice and I can assure you it is also the last time.

—Beth Jackendoff
West 21st Street

Scandal for School

Dear Sir:

Our family has anxiously awaited the appearance of Carola Dibbell's article since the day that she arrived at Hunter and

was swamped by children, including our daughters, who were under the impression that she was preparing an article concerning racism at Hunter. The hopes of the children, who furnished her with concrete instances of the racism prevalent at Hunter, were soon dashed by Ms. Dibbell's appearance at the Minority Caucus a few days later to advise the students that their impression of her purpose at Hunter High School was incorrect. She wanted the children to know that it was not her intention to write about racism at Hunter but instead to write about how Hunter had changed since she had been a student and not to be disappointed when they saw the article in The Voice.

The fact is that even as Ms. Dibbell interviewed Hunter's school population, the Office of Civil Rights of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare was preparing to conduct an investigation of Hunter. They have been conducting that investigation now for more than four weeks and we expect that the information that they are receiving from the dozens of students who have provided information differs considerably from the "What a Wonderful, Marvelous Creature I am" lead for Ms. Dibbell's article that is drawn from her life and experiences at Hunter.

It's a shame that such a perspective will continue to be the prevalent impression that your readers will receive from Ms. Dibbell's article. The illusions of those whose experiences have socially defined them as "white" in United States society tend to die hard—especially when a racist environment is the insular conditioning for those illusions and even when the scent for an important story, with the capacity for encouraging the quality of education at Hunter, is as strong as month-old carrion.

—William Carlotti
Manhattan

Shockley Treatment

Dear Sir:

Why shouldn't the white kids feel superior? ("These White Kids Think They're Better Than Us," Voice, February 10.)

They meet black kids who can't talk standard English, who are not able to read well, and who fill up most of the remedial classes well into the college level.

The papers tell them that the prison population is 83 per cent black and the TV news programs show blacks being arrested most of the time.

Are these fictions? Certainly not. The kids see it as it is, and are not, happily, falling into the liberal trap of thinking that what ought to be is.

—David J. Rivkin
Queens

Hunter Is the Home

Dear Sir:

As a student at Hunter High, I object to a lot of what Carola

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Dibbell said in her article. She ignores some of the important things which make Hunter what it is now. One of the unique things is the teacher-student relationship. Faculty members are very accessible, and personal contacts with teachers is the rule, not the exception.

What Ms. Dibbell failed to is that Hunter has changed. Sarah Maria Jones, not just outward appearance, but inwardly, deeper, as well.

—Laurie Fried
Queens

Bus Stopper

Dear Sir:

Why is it that it takes actual violence to convince these called "social reformers" busing, i.e., forced integration will never work? "High School Confidential" ("If They S Busing Blacks in Here, It's Wrong," Voice, February 10) tells it all. The people will not be pushed around like pawns. Vive la difference.

—Harry G.
Bronx

Feiffer

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HERE I AM, A MERE SECRETARY OF STATE, HAVING DINNER WITH NELSON ROCKEFELLER!



I WILL OBSERVE WHICH FORK HE PICKS UP. I WILL PICK UP THE SAME FORK. BY THIS TACTIC I WILL AVOID A FAUX PAS.



HE IS EATING WITH HIS FINGERS! WHAT SHALL I DO? HE CAN EAT WITH HIS FINGERS BECAUSE HE IS NELSON ROCKEFELLER. BUT I AM A MERE SECRETARY OF STATE.



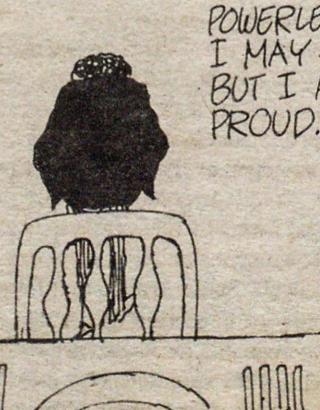
HE IS WIPING HIS FINGERS ON THE PRESIDENT'S SHIRT! THAT MAY BE ETIQUETTE FOR NELSON ROCKEFELLER BUT A DISGRACE FOR A MERE SECRETARY OF STATE!



I AM SICK TO THE HEART! HOW CAN I LOOK THE SECRETARY OF STATE IN THE MIRROR AGAIN WHEN I DO NOT HAVE THE CLOUT TO WIPE MY FINGERS ON THE PRESIDENT'S SHIRT?



I WILL GO TO MY OFFICE, BUG SOME PHONES AND OVERTHROW A SMALL LATIN-AMERICAN COUNTRY.



POWERLESS I MAY BE BUT I AM PROUD.

The Arab Blacklist and the Jewish Banks

BY ALEXANDER COCKBURN & JAMES RIDGEWAY

"Is a WASP bank going to be quite so keen as it might have been to hire young people who might offend Arab clients, or clients doing business with the Arabs?" The businessman we were talking to was referring not merely to the rush among investment and commercial banks here to get access to influential Arabs and to Arab funds, but also to the effect of the recent successful Arab pressure against three investment banks of known sympathies toward Israel.

The consequences could be greater than is at present being acknowledged. "Anti-Semitism in business has been waning here over the last 25 years," another investment banker told us. "There is a chance, even if you'd call it a remote one, that this sort of arm-twisting by the Arabs could bring it back."

The effect of the Arab blacklist is a complex question, with complex ramifications. Last week we tried to discover what results its recent use will produce on the decisions of investment banks, on political attitudes in the business world.

"I can think of many calamities that have befallen the world lately," said one partner in a financial institution on Wall Street, "but I don't think these boycotts are among them. I think it's a question of image rather than substance. The Arabs certainly think of our firm as Jewish, but we've had no problems. What seems to worry the Arabs is who is on the tombstone." (The tombstone, as published for example in newspapers, publicly lists the leading underwriters of an issue, but not all the participants.) He went on to point out that Jewish law firms had been deeply involved in recent loan negotiations in Saudi Arabia, with no signs of trouble. "The whole thing," he concluded, "is peripheral."

But at the other end of the spectrum we heard far more dire prognostications. "This is a Munich situation," said one banker. "If the Arabs get away with it, the situation is simply going to get worse. Already you've got people going around Wall Street asking if such and such a firm has any Jewish partners." None of the banks here are really going to do much about it in the end," said another. "It's all very well to say that Merrill Lynch has made a stand this time. Maybe next time around Merrill Lynch simply won't ask anyone the Arabs might not like to join the management group of the underwriting or the syndicate. In the end, private outfits will go where the business is. The only people who can stop this thing in its tracks are the central banks. In the end it's an issue for government. The boycott has taken place for political reasons. It happened when Kissinger was in the Middle East. Only a few weeks ago King Faisal was telling U.S. businessman that things would become very hard for Jews around the world if there was no movement on the Middle Eastern problem. This is one of the things he was talking about.

"And this," he went on, "is only the first step. You'll find businesses looking very carefully at the sympathies of people they're dealing with."

So far the attempted boycott of Jewish investment banks has been rather haphazard, aimed mainly at N. M. Rothschild and Sons (London), S. G. Warburg Ltd. (London), Lazard Frères et Cie. (Paris), and Lazard Frères (New York). By "haphazard" we mean this: Rothschild and Warburg were excluded from the syndicate's financing a \$820-million issue for Marubeni, the Japanese trading company. But another investment bank that regards itself as Jewish was included in the deal. At the same time, protests by Deutsche Bank and Merrill Lynch resulted in retaining Rothschilds as a member of the \$25 million syndicate for Volvo. Merrill Lynch, pace the sentiments voiced above, is said to have been particularly vehement in withstanding Arab pressure.

Recently the Eurobond market has picked up, thus giving the opportunity for more pressure to be applied. The Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas (Parisbas) last week dropped Lazard Frères from one issue, after pressure from a co-manager of the issue—the Kuwait Investment Company. Credit Lyonnais, another leading French bank, dropped Lazard Frères from an Air France issue.

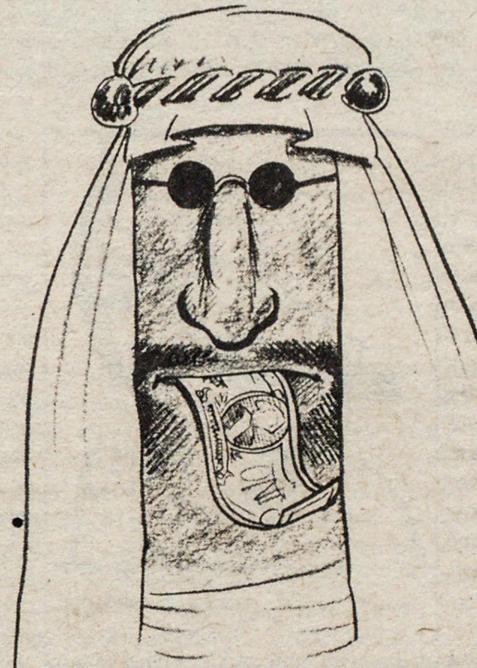
The countries mainly instrumenting the boycott policies are Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and Libya. They insist that the criterion for boycotting is not that fact that an institution can be regarded as Jewish *per se*, but whether it supports Israel. But the situation is far more labyrinthine than such a statement might imply. For example, part of S. G. Warburg is held by Parisbas, which, as we have seen,

*"This is a Munich situation," said one banker.
"If the Arabs get away with it the situation is going to get worse."*

dropped Lazard Frères from one issue. The Arab blacklist has many other incongruities. RCA is on it, even though this firm supplied Saudi Arabia with a defense system and continues to service it.

Whereas Merrill Lynch and Deutsche Bank held firm the British investment bank of Kleinwort, Benson, Lonsdale declared plainly that it would go along with the demands of its Arab clients about who should underwrite the issues it manages. Hence the exclusion of the Jewish banks from the Marubeni issue. Kleinwort said in effect that beggars—whether countries or banks—cannot be choosers.

According to some people we spoke to, Kleinwort may come to regret this pecksniffian stand. "One real casualty will be Kleinwort Benson," we were told. "They'll get screwed one day. Those people at Lazard and Rothschilds don't forget, and they play for keeps."



More broadly, the Kleinwort attitude was regarded as just the reason why the central banks or government were crucial in standing up to the latest developments in the Arab blacklist policies. Talking about the Kleinwort compliance with "the demands of the issuer," one banker remarked that "we've always seen this sort of discrimination, though at a less significant level. When the managing underwriter is getting the syndicate together he can always say—and it may be true—that the issuer has stressed he does not want such and such an outfit involved because the outfit screwed him 10 years ago. The underwriter's defense is that he has to serve the interests of the issuer. And I imagine that you'll get a lot of this kind of thing coming up in the future."

"But it's a red herring, because it diverts attention from the main issue, which is the political one. This whole thing is fundamentally a political problem where you could run into the Kissinger block. People are going to Kissinger right now, and they did last week. And then Kissinger might have told them that we can't afford moral outrage right now, and that any fuss might disturb delicate negotiations, and so on. This brings us back to what Arthur Burns might do."

He went on to argue that concerted action by the central banks of West Germany, London, Paris, Switzerland, and Italy, along with Burns at the Federal Reserve in Washington and William Simon, secretary of the treasury, would stop the recent blacklisting practices in their tracks.

So far the West Germans, fortified by a huge balance of payments surplus, have been comparatively tough. The same is not true of Britain, France, or Italy. Following their exclusion from the Air France issue, Lazard Frères complained to the French Minister of Finance, Jean-Pierre Fourcade, but, with its desire to maintain good relations with the Arabs, the French government, its hand on its

heart and its heart in its mouth, did nothing. Italy has adopted a similarly cautious posture.

The British economy is being kept afloat by Arab money, and authorities there are terrified of offending the Arabs. "It's not really our concern," said a spokesman for the British Treasury, when he was asked what the government proposed to do about the boycott. "We leave that sort of thing to the Bank of England. We don't really know anything about the problem." We heard a sharper view of the role of the Bank of England. "Let me tell you something," exclaimed one international financier consultant to us. "If the Arabs told Sir Gordon Richardson to stand on his head for half an hour each day, that's exactly what he would do." Sir Gordon heads up the Bank of England.

At the Bank of England, a spokesman said vaguely they were watching the situation, although without much precision as to what exactly they thought they were looking at. All of this gave rise to talk of "appeasement" in the city of London, where there were mutterings over bringing a major suit against the Bank of England and the British Treasury under the Race Relations Act, which outlaws discrimination on grounds of color or race.

Thus, if there is to be much movement on a central bank or government level, much of the onus would lie with Kissinger, Burns, and Simon. So far not much has been heard from them.

One specter that haunted many of the people we talked to was of ever-continuing appeasement of the Arabs. "Those fucking oil companies have been appeasing the Arabs for years," said one banker. "If the Arabs think they can get away with this one, there'll be no stopping them."

Allied with this fear was cynicism about the big commercial banks.

Talking about the "appeasing" policies of such big old Rockefeller companies as Standard Oil Company of California, Exxon, and Mobil one investment banker remarked to us that such banks as First National City and Chase Manhattan would also find their sympathies tilting even more rapidly than is at present apparent toward Arab countries. "If an outfit like Lehman Brothers would chop off its right hand to get in among the Arab money, what do you think the big commercial banks are going to do?" Lehman Brothers, it should be said, has been in the middle of the successful deal between Panama and Iran, in which Iran has in effect just taken over the flagship line.

Speaking even more bluntly, another investment adviser told us, "A lot of the big banks are secretly delighted about this boycott."

Within the United States commercial banks cannot get involved with underwriting certain issues—though the same is not true internationally. But over the years these commercial banks have been whittling away at territories normally the fief of investment banks. The battle, particularly on revenue bonds, goes back to the '60s. Now, of course, it is true that concerns like Goldman Sachs or market. Indeed, one optimist on the subject of the boycott told us that the Arabs may have underestimated the power of such concerns in New York. But it has been apparent over the last few years that the power of the investment banks—and indeed how their individual prosperity in the face of negotiated rates—may have dwindled, in the same way that the merchant banks in England have seen their positions recently eroded.

So a concerted drive against certain of the investment banks identified as "Jewish" or "Zionist" may have some far-reaching implications.

It might be worth describing some of the background of Lazard Frères, one of the banks suffering from the blacklist. Today Lazard Frères of New York, Lazard Frères et Cie. of Paris, and Lazard Brothers of London have representatives on the boards of dozens of major corporations in oil, chemicals, transportation, communications, and heavy industry. In addition, they manage investments for wealthy people all over the world.

The New York and Paris branches are controlled by Andre Meyer, head of the New York branch, and Michel David-Weill, the senior partner in Paris. These two branches have a minority interest in the London branch, Lazard Brothers.

Meyer has been called the most creative banker since the war. Master builder of the Lazard operation he is now advanced in years, roosting in the Carlyle Hotel in

Continued on page 35

HUSBAND DUMPING

BY JANE JAFFE YOUNG

A woman colleague from the City University phoned me recently, bubbling with excitement. "Guess what? My husband and I just bought an \$80,000 brownstone in Park Slope, a few blocks from you. Now we're neighbors!" "Terrific," I replied. "When did you say you were getting a divorce?" "Not funny," she reproached me. She was right; it wasn't.

In the seven years I have lived in the quaint, historic brownstone area of Brooklyn's Park Slope, I and many friends have participated in an exhilarating urban phenomenon—the transformation of an incipient slum of rundown rooming houses into an elegant neighborhood deserving of the title. Park Slope used to have in its earlier glory—the Gold Coast of Brooklyn. Middle-class, in our late twenties and early thirties, well-educated, securely married with one or more children, we abandoned our cramped Manhattan and Brooklyn Heights apartments for the unheard-of luxury of four-story houses with 50-foot gardens, parquet floors, 14-foot ceilings, marble fireplaces, and wood shutters. Seeking a sense of community in a "nation of strangers," we became latter-day homesteaders, staking claims in the urban wilderness.

One day, however, a lot of us woke up to the fact that it was no longer Park Slope that was transitional (the neighborhood won landmark status in 1973) but our marriages. By 1974, not one of my friends was living with her husband anymore, and neither was I. We had gone our separate ways, leaving behind us a messy trail strewn with children, lovers, housekeepers, Victorian furniture, mortgages, memories of renovation, and shattered illusions of permanence. Only our elegant houses remained intact, monuments to a bourgeois stability we could no longer fully enjoy.

With nearly one out of three American marriages ending in divorce, it's obvious that the institution is under attack. However, the high incidence of separation and divorce in Park Slope, where the urban fantasy of "the good life" has become a reality, seems ironic in the extreme. Here, a chain effect has set in, an epidemic of domestic dissatisfaction and infidelity. Divorce has become virtually the norm; it is the still-marrieds who feel embarrassed—like relics of the 19th century.

For many of us the breakup of our marriages has meant a rekindling of energies, an intellectual, emotional, and sexual renaissance courageously and even joyfully undertaken. The early stages of separation are often marked by feelings of intense relief and heady freedom, and an anticipation of rewards to come. However, there is also an underlying ambivalence that grows as we move further away from the life-style we once took for granted. Seeing a still-united Park Slope family on a Sunday romp in Prospect Park, many of us feel wistful; a dream has died for us, and from the looks of it, many of us may not pass this way again.

"I even supported her militant feminism," said one man. "Now I feel as if she's thrown me off like a piece of old clothing."

Why did we make this happen, we of all women? For separation a la mode Park Slope no longer follows the Hollywood script (He: I'm in love with another woman and I want a divorce. She: Over my dead body). Instead of the other woman, there is more often than not the other man, or at least a strong hankering for one. And even if the desire for a lover has not been an overt motive, it's the women who have avidly sought freedom from the velvet trap of marriage, open or closed, while the husbands of Park Slope have nervously and at times bitterly clung to Victorian home and hearth, denouncing their "liberated" wives as selfish home-wreckers and, in exasperation, echoing Freud's proverbial "What do women want?"

The phenomenon of the discarded husband has taken many forms in Park Slope. One friend of mine in her mid-thirties started a purely sexual relationship with a younger man she'd met at work. "He came up to me one day and said, cool as a cucumber, 'I want to go to bed with you.' He was damned attractive, I was ripe for it, so I said yes." When she told her husband about it, naturally he wanted her to stop. "I was hooked, though," she recalls. "I'd never experienced anyone who took lovemaking so for granted as a form of expression. My husband and I had to work so hard to achieve even a minimal satisfaction. We even tried some Masters and Johnson's techniques out of a book—but the spontaneity just wasn't there!"

Half a year later, he made the painful decision to move out. "I couldn't take it," he admits, "knowing she was out there with that guy whenever she had the chance. Sure, I'd had brief affairs earlier on, but I always considered my marriage primary; those women just didn't mean that much to me. But this guy of hers was a sexual acrobat, and I couldn't live up to five rounds a night."

Another instance of Park Slope husband-dumping was far more dramatic. Thirty-five-year-old Karen, married 12 abrasive years, simply packed her bags one day, leaving her two children, husband, and elegant house, and moved to an apartment in midtown Manhattan. A few months after she had gotten a responsible job in a large corporation, she met another man, moved in with him, and plunged into a passionate and long-lasting affair. Now she makes weekend visits to her children and is trying to figure out what to do when the avowed love of her life takes a challenging position in California and she has to choose between him and her children.

Nancy also left bed and bored, but her decision to leave was not as abrupt as Karen's. Superficially, she and Ben were well-matched—he a

keenly intelligent 40-year-old economist, she a vivacious, talented but unemployed 34-year-old. "We started off our marriage fine," she recalls. "We had a pretty good sex life, we traveled to Europe, we were part of the young married Brooklyn Heights set. When we moved to Park Slope, we got right into the life of the community and loved it all—sitting in the warm weather, organizing a block association, decorating, gardening. . . ."

In a few years, however, Ben was going through a mid-life career crisis, drifting from job to job and becoming increasingly morose and withdrawn. Their sex life had dwindled to the vanishing point, and the lack of physical and emotional contact drove Nancy up the wall. She started a frustrating flirtation with a married man on the block and experienced a growing desire to enter the

summer together, they decided to separate, though neither of them was involved with anyone else. He would, he said, get a large apartment right in the neighborhood, and they would share custody of their three children as they had previously shared all household and parental duties in the past. However, Ed, who had been out of work for a year, didn't have the money to rent a \$350-a-month duplex in beautiful downtown Park Slope.

As the time neared for exodus and Ed still hadn't managed to find an apartment, it became very clear that he had no intention of vacating the house. If Harriet wanted the god-damned separation, he announced angrily, she could leave herself. The following week, Harriet moved into a three-room Manhattan sublet, temporarily leaving the children with her husband. "I never realized until I was actually living alone how awfully lonely I'd been for the past five years," she recalls.

After she moved out, Ed became increasingly angry. "I supported her all those years through graduate school, working at a job I hated. I even supported her militant feminism, for god's sake. The idea was that after she got all her credentials and a decent income, I could stay home for a year and write, as I'd always wanted to. Now that she's got her Ph.D. and she's into her career, I haven't got a job, and she wants out. I feel as though she's thrown me off like a piece of old clothing!" Six months later, he took a high-paying job in Michigan, leaving his stunned wife to manage career and children on her own.

What spurred the breakup of our marriages? The most obvious common denominator among all recently separated Park Slope couples is that we bought and renovated seedy, 85-year-old, 14-room houses. Those of us who willingly invested three to five years of back-breaking labor were doubtlessly a special breed; we welcomed an overwhelming, do-it-yourself life project that would consume our energies—an undertaking sufficiently epic to compensate for a general lack of heroism in everyday life.

For some of us, the battle of renovation brought to the surface problems which created friction in seemingly harmonious relationships. For many more of us, however, renovation was an escape hatch, a way of avoiding or delaying the real conflicts in ourselves and in our marriages. Unlike one cheerful Park Slope resident who, after seven years, is still working on his house, one room at a time, and claims to have "found God in a plaster wall," many of us came up with a handful of dust. "After the renovation was finished," said one friend of mine,

"after all those years of carpenting, stripping, tiling, plastering, painting, plumbing, planting, and arguing about whether to stain the floor light or dark and which pattern of wallpaper to hang in the dining room, we had a dazzling, Hop Beautiful mansion that we adored, but we couldn't stand each other, and there just wasn't any excuse for ignoring it anymore." For many of us, the end of an arduous renovation was akin to post-coital tristesse; afterward, the drama went out of our lives, and we were faced with the reality that we were, after all, longer pioneers but ordinary settlers who must confront the monotony of bourgeois existence.

The women's liberation movement, influential in a community where most people are consumers, was also a prime factor in the dissolution of our marriages. Never a joiner myself, I saw women's liberation as the one cause I could wholeheartedly endorse. Actually, I regarded myself as already liberated in some ways. Having lived on my own before I married at 26, had been working since I was 23 and hadn't stopped once, except for six months to have a baby, although returned to college teaching three months after she was born. I had a rewarding job with tenure and a good salary, and I had no intention ever giving it up.

But I was atypical. Most of Park Slope women whom I met in 1970 were over 30, either working or going to school and taking courses in the hope of eventually entering the job market. With the exception of myself and another woman, we had all married early out of college, had never slept with anyone but our husbands, had worked at piddling jobs, or had gone to graduate school until we got pregnant, and had settled down to traditional wives and mothers. Most of us were anxious to liberate ourselves (whatever that meant) but within the context of marriage.

We weren't especially frank and open with each other in that first group I joined. Socially acquainted and living within a narrow five-block radius, we were anxious to project an image of relative domestic contentment: we avoided painful revelations about our sexuality and our marriages. Still, we explored the woman's role, read countless articles and books, learned how our children were being distorted and influenced by the media, and congratulated one another on each minor triumph over our husbands' domestic uncooperativeness. We were feeling our way toward Promised Land, not sure that we really wanted the autonomy and selfhood we said we longed for.

However, in the second group joined in 1972, liberation became much more than a fashionable byword: it took on a stinging, pregnant reality. In a year and a half supported by the closeness of the group, we went through some searching experiences together that changed all of us—abortions as



working world. After she landed a job on a weekly newspaper, she met a younger man and launched into a brief but heated romance which she did not attempt to hide from her irate husband.

"Maybe I was trying to get attention," she says, "but I couldn't stand his sexual indifference to me. One night, he told me that the reason he didn't feel turned on to me was because *my breasts were too small!* It was the ultimate put-down. I wanted to leave so badly, but I realized, in despair, that I had no money saved up, nothing to take with me. I felt so helpless and dependent, and that feeling put me in an absolute rage." Despite her meager \$100-a-week salary, she moved to a small apartment in another part of Park Slope. "It was brutal, leaving that lovely house and that block," she admits. "For months afterward, I couldn't bring myself to walk down the street, having to pass by all the still-married people sitting smugly on their stoops. Now many of those same people are separated themselves!"

Even when the decision to separate has been made rationally and calmly, by mutual agreement, the husband has ended up bitter. Harriet, 36, and Ed, 43, submitted to a year of seemingly successful marital counseling, but following a difficult



former mates could be counted on to contribute reasonable child-support on an ongoing basis, a situation which prevails only in middle and upper-class circles, and often not even there.

After the initial stages of separation, all of us had to deal with the Quo Vadis syndrome. Now that we had our "freedom," we discovered—sometimes to the grim satisfaction of our former mates—that liberation was hardly a bed of roses. Those of us who left our children in the custody of our husbands were assailed by doubt. Karen, who packed her bags and decamped, was accosted at a Park Slope party by an old friend. "She was tanked up, I guess," she says, "but she started yelling at me at the top of her lungs about what a callous, disgusting thing I'd done to my children and what a superbitch I was. I ran out of there sobbing hysterically and thinking maybe she was right. I was enjoying my freedom, but I felt guilty as hell. I still believed as an article of faith that children cannot survive without their mothers."

Those who retained custody of their children suffered from the same sort of guilt—and at times, fierce resentment. "After a killing day at work," said one career-conscious Park Slope woman, "I have to battle the rush-hour, pick up the laundry, shop, and immediately take over for the baby-sitter—no hour-long naps on the sofa! Then comes the frantic dinnertime scene, with my two kids fighting, phones ringing, food burning on the stove. I keep the kids up late, because it's all the time we have together, but after they bed down at 9:30, I'm exhausted. Then I have work to do, and I seldom get to sleep before 1:30 a.m. Getting baby-sitters home is always a hassle, when I can get them. If the guy I'm seeing wants to stay overnight, I have to think 100 times because I'm always nervous the kids will wake up and get curious. And when I don't have a man in my life, I'm tense, lonely, and depressed. Too much pressure with no letup makes me irritable and explosive."

In an attempt to ease the burden of raising children by ourselves, we are experimenting with alternate lifestyles—joining brownstone communes (usually transient); moving in with another divorcee and her children; employing a full-time housekeeper; sharing custody of our children with our husbands, some of whom still live nearby. None of my friends, even those who have been separated for three or more years, are actively considering remarriage: unlike middle-class women of previous generations, most of us are not driven by financial necessity to find "good providers," and we recoil at the mere thought of binding contracts. However, the options of the seventies represent only a partial solution to our problems. Still haunted by the sharply etched tintype of the nuclear family, we sooner or later shun the emotional void of one-night stands and seek a fulfilling relationship that will evolve into some sort of ongoing commitment. Rhetoric and bravado aside, it seems that whether we acknowledge it or not, many of us in Park Slope harbor fantasies of one day making it back to the Ark—with or without a license.

Park Slope's Montgomery Place: architectural showplace or boulevard of broken dreams?

result of faulty IUDs, four sterilizations by tubal ligation, a detailed account of rape, the discovery of one woman's illegitimacy and of her long-lost father, examination of our cervixes through speculums, conversions from heterosexual to homosexual life-style (two women in our group fell in love with each other and left their husbands to live together), the advent of a men's liberation group organized by several of our husbands, newly launched careers, published poems, the passing of Ph.D. orals, extra-marital affairs, and, of course, separations (four of our marriages split up).

Although consciousness-raising groups like the ones I belonged to between 1970 and 1973 mushroomed all over the neighborhood, the majority of Park Slope women were not actively involved in the movement. However, there was a ripple effect: women's liberation was in the air like pollen in spring.

To lay the high incidence of separation in Park Slope to feminism, though, would be simplistic and, I think, false. Other potent forces were at work, as crucial and devastating. Foremost among these was the so-called sexual revolution. Despite Midge Decter's charge in "The New Chastity" that the women's liberation movement marked a retreat from sexuality and its consequences, most of the women I know, myself included, were not anxious to don nun's garb and forswear sex. Far from it. In fact, we began to rebel against the sexual and emotional half-lives many of us were living. Bombarded by the media with exhortations to live up to our sexual potential (who could fail to be aroused by titles such as "Any Woman Can," "The Sensuous Woman," "Super Marriage Super Sex," "Free and Female"?), we found that years of accumulating resentment and domestic ennui had

made the uninspired, wham-bam-thank-you-mam, once-in-a-blue-moon sex doled out by our husbands not only unsatisfying but hard to change, no matter how many copies of "The Joy of Sex" we left lying around the bedroom.

Despite our lack of sexual sophistication when we got married, over the years most of us had achieved some sense of adequacy, thanks in part to Masters and Johnson's documented critique of the myth of the vaginal orgasm and our rejection of Freud's categories of mature and immature female sexuality. Now we wanted to experience ourselves to capacity: "pleasure thyself" seemed to have become the 11th commandment.

wanted no part of this gluttony. They were dealing with their own middle-aged crises: What have I accomplished? What am I doing in this rat-race job I loathe? Why should I have to work at all? Why can't I stay home and raise vegetables?

Extra-marital affairs, of course, have long been the prerogative of men: many of our parents' marriages had no doubt survived them, and so had some of ours. But women having affairs and talking about them is something else again. All the books and articles on open marriage carefully skirt that issue, advising that only couples sure of themselves and of their feelings about each other should undertake outside relation-

ships. almost religious overtones, the new openness often fanned marital discord, since none of us could deal very "maturely" with revelations of infidelity—especially ongoing, protracted, wifely infidelity.

Beneath the bravado and the explosive effect of the human potential movement was an underlying, pervasive consciousness of the reality of death. In an era of broken illusions about the infinite possibilities of the American dream, many middle-class adults, especially those in their thirties, seem to be reacting as medieval and Renaissance people did when confronted with the bubonic plague: eat, drink, and fornicate, for tomorrow we die.

'We went our separate ways, leaving a messy trail of children, lovers, Victorian furniture, and shattered illusions of permanence.'

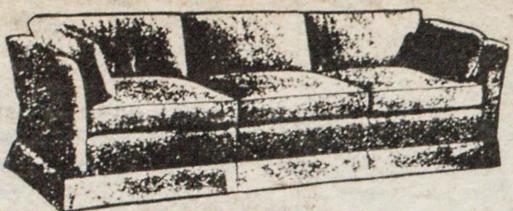
Waking up in the morning beside the inert bodies of our balding husbands and asking ourselves, "Is this all there is?" became a favorite pastime among my Park Slope women friends.

Anxiety about "going over the hill" induced a feeling of urgency in all of us, a recklessness that would have been unthinkable a few years earlier. Indeed, many of us began to feel that *not* to experience ourselves at the peak of our erotic capabilities was to be hopelessly irresponsible, was, in fact, to have missed out on the essence of womanly privilege. If women could have more and better orgasms than men—manually, vaginally, orally, hanging upside down from the roofbeams—then by all means, we wanted them. Many of our husbands, however, appalled and unnerved by our aggressiveness,

ships. Most of us, affluent and enlightened enough to seek treatment, had undergone some form of psychotherapy, so we were used to compulsively unburdening ourselves. We had also been in encounter and sensitivity groups, or if we hadn't, we knew many people who had or read about them in the media. The message came through loud and clear: live fully in the moment, deal with your fears and hostilities, accept responsibility for your actions, realize your capacities, do your own thing, and above all, *tell the truth*. Unlike our parents' generation, which put duty before happiness ("Think of the children!"), we were urged to think of ourselves first, and let the chips and children fall where they may. Sanctioned by the human potential movement, which carried

Most of us would not have dared to risk leaving our marriages, however, if we didn't feel we could cope with the consequences—specifically, economic. When one Park Slope husband found out about his wife's extra-marital affair, he took the checkbook away from her and started giving her a reduced weekly allowance. To Susan, her husband's Victorian-style retaliation was a bombshell. "I never wanted to work; I didn't think I'd ever have to," she admits. "But suddenly I realized what a ridiculously dependent position I was in." She got a volunteer job which later turned into a salaried position that was almost adequate to provide for her needs and those of her two children when the separation finally came. Bolstering our confidence was the fact that most of our relatively reliable and well-paid

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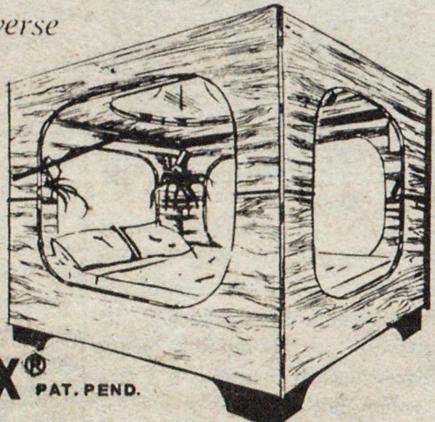
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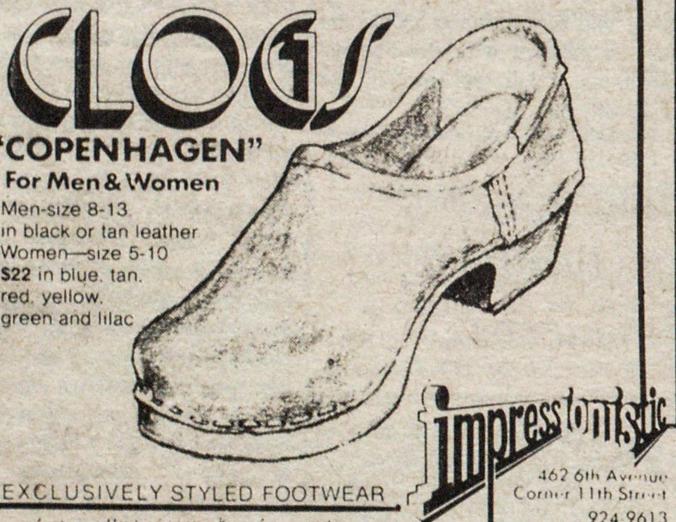
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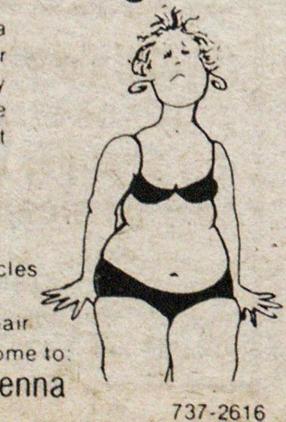
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Trench Coat Regiment
and Other Tales of Israel

BY LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT IV

PARIS—I'm an extremely unlikely foreign correspondent. Until today, I had no trench coat. I had a folding plastic raincoat I got in a promotional package for an American porno movie called "Happy Days,"—a '55 Buick full of naked teenagers is stenciled across the back. It was hardly the trench coat of the type which draped casually over the forearms of the foreign press reporters I found gathered in the lobbies and bars of the seaside hotels of Tel Aviv, the Sheraton, Hilton, Plaza, and Dan. Those trench coats are invariably well-traveled and soiled, never having been in one place quite long enough to make the time-consuming journey to the hotel laundry.

The trench coat problem caused me great feelings of inadequacy and despair in Tel Aviv, Beirut, Athens, Jerusalem, and Paris. So today I went forth from my digs here at the elegant Hotel Schweizerhof on rue de Balzac, found myself an expensive men's store, and purchased my first genuine foreign correspondent's trench coat. The salesman assured me it was of the type all correspondents covet. It is forest green, double-breasted, with military-style tabs upon the shoulders, and rain-flaps. It's a hell of a trench coat, and finally, after nearly seven weeks on the road, I feel genuine.

Though the trench coat problem was heavy, nothing approached the terrible shock I experienced when, shortly after arriving in Tel Aviv, I realized I had never, ever, read C.L. Sulzberger. In foreign correspondent circles C.L.'s analyses of the world situation are analyzed and reanalyzed. After dissecting C.L. the correspondents rush off to check the wires at the AP, UPI, or their local bureaus, pour through the local papers, and then head for the hotel bars. There, in dimly-lit, smoky, small rooms, a "consensus" is hacked out, and this, I now realize, is what you read in the foreign news sections of American newspapers and newsmagazines.

I had a great deal of difficulty making my inexperienced voice heard above the din of "consensus" reaching in the bars. In fact, after my first two nights in Tel Aviv, I never returned to them. This, as it turned out, was a serious mistake, showing a gross lack of judgment on my part. For little by little I was edged out of the trench coat regiment, and was no longer privy to the "prevailing wisdom" on the "current situation." Nor did I receive "tips," except from the one or two journalistic outlaws I ran across during my travels.

So the dispatches from the Middle East you've read in The Village Voice have been devoid of "consensus" and "prevailing wisdom." I failed as a classical foreign correspondent early on, and all that was left for me was to pick up the pieces of my misbegotten career and make the best of it.



Truscott's trench coat: Would Edward R. Murrow have worn it?

This "Pages From a Reporter's Notebook" piece represents my first departure from "Truscott's Rules of Foreign Correspondence." It is precisely the type of still I swore to keep away from when I completed my ruminations one hash-addled November night in Tel Aviv.

This format is inherently dishonest and illustrates one of the great problems of foreign correspondence. Dispatched to Israel—or Greece, Lebanon, or wherever—how does one "cover" an entire country? Up against this insurmountable wall, the correspondent turns to the well-worn "pages from a notebook" format, in hopes that the relative freedom from ordered thought it offers will enable him to encompass a galaxy of questions, ideas, and issues in a single, disjointed piece.

Thus, the far-flung correspondent in Moscow with the President recaps the last 10 days of his jet-lag journey with what amounts to a goddamn lie. No self-respecting American newspaper would ever allow its correspondent to rip actual pages from his notebook and hand them to the telex operator with instructions such as these: "Put this stuff on the wires immediately. It must make the next edition. New York wants the *real* story, and my notebook will tell it." No, such a move would be unthinkable.

For this reason, if for no other, it is high time American readers were treated to the real stuff, pages from a foreign correspondent's notebook sans rewrite, self-censorship, or embellishment, all the details—or lack thereof—intact for all the world to see.

Before we plunge into the raw data, as it were, we must discuss

Rule Number One from "Truscott's Rules of Foreign Correspondency." The most important characteristic of a foreign correspondent should have the ability to fail and still somehow function. The possibility of failure is great. Consider: What if there is no story? What if there is a story, but the time you get back from the boondocks, you can't write. What you've been up for 72 consecutive hours, and the typewriter keys look like shark's teeth, the stack of copy paper like a huge letter bomb. What if you're afraid to look at your own notes?

It is because of a fear of failure that foreign reporting has settled at such an abysmally low ebb in this country. Those who end up "in the field" spend a good deal of their time protecting themselves, apprehensive about leaving the hotel bar or the comforts of group-think journalism, for fear they will be gripped in the death-lock of failure.

Well, Truscott's Rule Number One says you must take chances. You must be willing to stick your neck out and risk having it lopped off by one of a thousand unknowable forces—real, imagined, or otherwise—to achieve even the tiniest journalistic successes. You must be willing to fail, and, if you do, still attempt to function, to be worth your salt as a foreign correspondent.

Without further ado, I offer random verbatim selections ripped from my Israel notebook, beginning at the start, over a month and a half ago, when I was dispatched to "cover" the Middle East. No attempt has been made to impose reality on what is essentially unreal.

Continued on next page

Tales of Israel

Continued from preceding page

to make sense of the senseless, or to turn the ugly into something palatable, even readable.

24 NOV '74—Nite, no clock, don't know what time it is, 747 over Atlantic, pitch black out there. Jesus! The thing just took a violent dip to the left, a deep, banking turn, lights coming on all over the cabin, pilot telling everyone to buckle-in—we're experiencing some turbulence, he says. My ass. I just saw "Airport 1975" and I'm sure we just swerved to miss another plane.

This is awful. I haven't slept in three days, and the guy next to me is a psychopath, tried to start a fight with the guy in the next row forward over who got to read Esquire first. Back at The Voice they have no idea what they've done to me.

I walk into the office Wednesday afternoon, right? Four o'clock; half-drunk from extremely wet lunch uptown, somebody says get upstairs fast, they've got big news for you. I lurch upstairs, the place is in turmoil, the Wednesday "editorial conference" has decided there will be another Arab-Israeli war (I wonder if they've notified the combatants) and I am ordered to the Middle East. In a week, I'm supposed to be back in my van, headed for Colorado. Israel? I have no passport, no trench coat, hell, I don't even have a birth certificate. Apparently only paper that confirms fact that I was born, some 27 years ago, is a thing called a "Foreign Service Form 240," issued

who knows about such things, served in Israel, knows their army. He's right, and probably right that there won't be a war, too. Only two people I've talked to who say there will be no war have been professionals, other person being Marshall.

S.L.A. Marshall, Fri., 22 Nov. '74, from El Paso, Texas, tired, old, six wks hospital, 3 wks intensive care, sounded like Grandpa, was roommate of his in 1920 in Texas when they were lieutenants, an elegant old soldier. Probably should have started this assignment traveling the U.S.A. talking with old army professionals, the old-school guys like Marshall, Young, the men who understand what a good army is, and why it's good. Incredible sense—what is it?—not *deja vu*, but sense of returning somehow, altho I am going to Israel for first time in life, first time out of U.S.A. since 1968. They all talked on the phone (Bill Mauldin, Young, Marshall, Dad) w/such a feeling of longing, such an incredible sense of admiration for the Israelis, for their army. When you get to Israel, you're not going to believe their army, you're not going to believe the *esprit*, the morale of the whole country, they said.

Can't get Colonel Young's line out of my head—"These guys are *serious*." Those are the words, spoken by a man who was called to the phone from his boathouse on the lake in Texas where he is retired, words of a man who knew how it was in U.S. Army years ago, and how it is now in Israel.

TEL AVIV HILTON —Luggage

'It is time readers were treated to the real stuff, pages from a foreign correspondent's notebook sans rewrite or embellishment.'

in Fukuoka, Japan, and signed by a second lieutenant. I'm running around getting tickets, money, calling the passport people and getting "contacts" in Israel. Whole thing has the ominous stench of disaster.

Finally last night I'm off, a total wreck, everyone at The Voice shaking hands and wishing me well, as if I'm only flying to Washington on the shuttle to pick up a few items for "Press Clips." What do they know? Do they know what they've done to me? I'll sleep for three days immediately upon my arrival in Israel. I might miss the war, if there is one.

LATER—Call Colonel Curtis F. Young, friend of father, last night. Wife, Helen, taught me to dance at 13. Colonel Young gives me two names in Israel, military intelligence officers, and says, "Listen, don't mess around with these guys (Israeli Army colonels); be careful, because *these guys are serious*." Emphasis on last words his. Then he goes into a rap about how he agrees with S.L.A. Marshall that there won't be a war, that I'll run into people who are tired of it. "You get tired of these things, you know," he says. A professional soldier speaking. He says don't try to pull anything on them, it can't be done. "They've been at it too long, and they've got too much to lose, too much at stake," says Colonel Young.

U.S.A. to compete with Russian MIG-25, which can fly so fast it can out-fly its own rockets, conceivably could pass rockets and shoot itself in the ass. Israel need for defense makes obsession with military hardware and gimmicks a sure thing. Too bad. Much of it is crap.

Got out of that goddamn Hilton today. Now in Plaza, much better.

THU., 28 NOV. '74—Is today Thanksgiving? Don't know. Nobody said a thing to me about it today. Slept late, lunch in Yemenite Quarter, favorite part of Tel Aviv, a slum about 20 blocks south of Plaza, right on sea. Ate at Shimon's, no sign, you just walk narrow, twisting streets until you find it. No one have English. Finally with signals, much pointing, visit to kitchen, get bowl of "meat soup," pita bread, two Cokes, comes to IL 9, or \$1.50. Some T-giving dinner, if this is the day.

Later I found myself in a little open storefront where old men sat around tiny tables playing cards and smoking a peculiar-looking substance which was sitting in huge bowls atop gigantic water pipes. Emerging from the pipes were long, snake-like tubes tipped with brass mouthpieces, which the old gentlemen gripped in their teeth as they played cards and gabbed with one another. The strange substance in the bowls of the water pipes, said my friend Shlomo the driver, was tobacco, "sometimes mixed with other substances," wetted down with water, and kneaded into a neat ball. A chunk of burning charcoal was placed on the ball of tobacco and "sometimes other substances," and the old gentlemen puffed away, sipping Turkish coffee.

Here and there one of the old men could be seen nodding, his chin on his chest, or leaning back against the stucco wall, fast asleep. Occasionally one of them would rise, and after bidding adieu to his mates, shuffle out of the little storefront on his way home, just down the street to take a nap. In the Yemenite section, there are no old folks homes. "They take care of their own down here," explained driver Shlomo, who understands Yemenite, Arabic, and about 10 other tongues and dialects. But of course, I understand nothing, so I sat in the storefront with the old men, sipping coffee, and imagining what they were saying to each other.

Another day of foreign correspondence down the drain.

Walked around rest of afternoon, exploring Tel Aviv. This is a beautiful city. Most Israelis I speak to say it is ugly, they would rather it look like American city. But from my balcony in Plaza, I look down on one of the best planned, most beautiful neighborhoods I've ever seen. What we would call boulevards, wide, tree-lined streets with shops, newsstands, fruitstands, cafes, etc., run north/south, and are one-way. Between them narrow, twisting, one-way streets meander back and forth, also covered with trees. Houses, apartments are two to four stories, penthouse apts on top, pocket-parks and gardens in back and on sides. Residential neighborhood streets are so narrow no trucks can pass, and if you don't know where you're going, it's easy to get lost. Today, standing in an alley which entered residential neighborhood one end, and Dizengoff St. (wide business boulevard) on

Continued on next page

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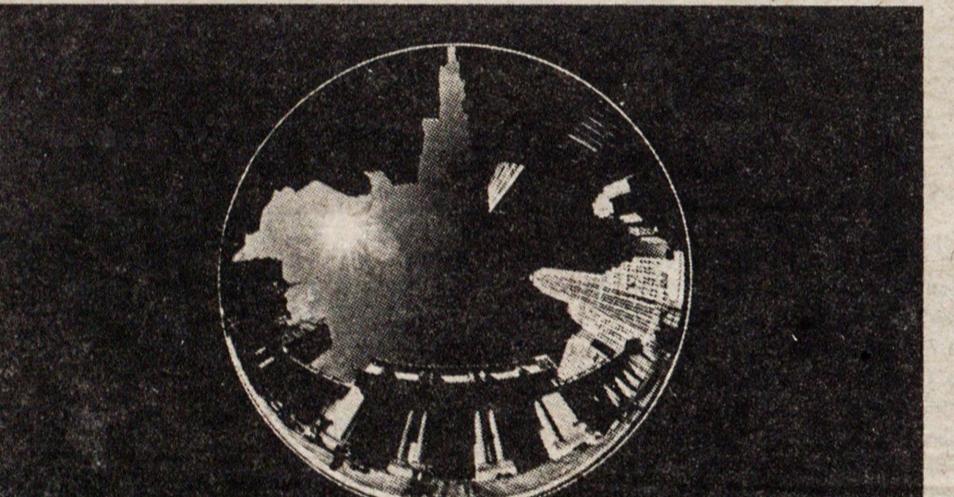
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Tales of Israel

Continued from preceding page

other, I could not hear traffic 50 feet away. Residential neighborhoods are quiet and smog-free. Business streets noisy and polluted by diesel trucks and cars. (Gas: \$2 per gallon.)

Israelis, many of them anyway, are obsessed with idea of high-rise condominiums, so-called "planned" developments like Ramat Aviv, an incredibly ugly suburb of Tel Aviv to the north. Up there, residents point with pride to the soon-to-be-built-upon site of a "shopping center." No neighborhood shops, no feel of community, very much like living in Lefrak City.

FRI. 29 NOV. '74—Economy in

'The national attitude seems to be: enjoy whatever you can, hope there is no war, but be ready when it comes.'

Israel is about three times as bad off as the U.S.A., because Israel is under about three times as much pressure. Defense budget in Israel, outrageous, is a real need, unlike Gerald Ford's \$100 billion flush-job of a defense budget in U.S.A. Shortness of oil hits Israel about three times as hard as it does us, thus gas is more than three times as expensive. And European nations, afraid of Arab "oil diplomacy" are refusing or limiting trade with Israel in increasing numbers.

Yet state of economy does not seem to rile Israelis. In fact, I would say uptightness about the collapse of the U.S.A. economy among Americans is much heavier than Israeli worry about their economy. There are several reasons for this: Israelis are schooled in hardship. They accept need for strong defense. They know that sooner or later another Mideast war will break out, and then things will be even worse. The national attitude seems to be to go along with things as they are now, enjoy whatever you can, hope there is no war, but be ready when it comes.

The difference between Israel and U.S.A. is that in U.S.A. we lack the centrality of focus Israel has; on its own security, the need to oppose Arab threat coming from three sides. People are not depressed in Israel, like many are in the States. The Israeli nationalism, in which there are fissures and even fractures from time to time, is still so strong it's not to be believed. Quite a shock, coming from a country where for almost 10 years, many Americans have disliked, even hated their own country, for Vietnam, for Nixon and Johnson, for Watergate, for dozens of reasons. In Israel there is no national masochism. They can fight with each other without that terrible instinct Americans have for self-destruction.

This is very difficult to write about. Here I am in a country that lives under a permanent full-court press, a country that hangs so tough in the face of the ugly odds against her that one cannot help but fall in love with her immediately upon arrival. Yet every day in Israeli newspapers one reads a dozen articles about political factions w/in govern-

ment pissing and moaning at other with all the venom and sk the U.S. Democratic party. Try give you a feel for how really nificant those political battles here, in face of the larger issue Israel's survival, would be likeing about the fratricidal wa inside the VID for some small newspaper in Kansas. You ha see it to believe it, and even t rational judgment must be cons ly suspended in order to make sense at all of the whole busine

The one thing most Israelis a on is the idea that there wil another war, next spring, next smer, who knows? Pessimism to run deep in a country with its permanently against the wet wa the Mediterranean. Fewer and fa

hopes are held out for the "step step" negotiating process favored Dr. K. Egypt seems to be pull back from its earlier stand in fa of Dr. K's process, and now is se favoring the Russian return-it-to-G eva-and-wrap-it-all-up-at-once proach. Syria, of course, has ducks lined up along the Golan an not discouraged by her own econi c situation, would just as soon sh it out. Jordan's King Hussein, seen as Israel's friendliest A neighbor, has pretty much lost c trol of the political situation in country, what with the rise of Ya Arafat and the PLO as a "legimate" voice of the Palestinians.

But even the bearded rat has problems. There are so many sp among Arab terrorist organizat that the threat they'll chew e other up and nearly disappear fr the face of the Middle East is alwa there. We've got a "fluid" situat here between the Jordan River an the Med., as the saying goes foreign correspondency circles you're bored or upset by wha happening today, just sit tight. In few hours the whole enchilada w take a turn for the (pick one) wo se/better/middle/none-of-the-above

JERUSALEM—Shlomo, the drive takes me to the Old City midweek. The drive there is beau ful, we go along the Old Road, twi ng and turning through the coun the Israelis have fought for twice the War for Independence, 1948 when they gained a piece of Je salom, but lost the Old City, and the 1967 War, when they rolled on the old Israel/Jordan boundary and retook the whole city.

The Old Road, much of which in Jordanian hands, illustrates perfectly a key difference betwe Israel and its Arab neighbors. Israeli-held territory in the rocky h between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem ha all been reforested, and every conceivable square inch of arable land cultivated. Old Roman terraced sides have been restored, the ro ledge terraces in perfect sha planted with tomatoes, vineyar anything that will grow in the mi climate east of Tel Aviv. Just on the other side of the road, what w

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Jordanian territory, is still pock-marked and ravaged by war, untouched since 1948. The contrast is absolute, stark, moving. They say Israel is a country of contrasts, and it's true, but the most profound I've seen have been along what were the pre-'67 War boundaries.

The Old City of Jerusalem, you can read about it all you want, buy National Geographic picture books, watch documentary films, but not until you wander its ancient streets can you experience the amazement of living history. Shlomo, who speaks fluent Arabic, was born and raised there, lived within its walls until he was 17, knows everybody. He takes me through the narrow alleyways and streets, and everywhere you can smell the rich mix of the Middle East: roasting nuts, spices, char-coaled shish kebab. Turkish coffee, fresh mint, donkey-dung, burning tobacco and hashish, putrid Bedouin body odor. The only stench missing is that of the open sewer, for the Israelis have recently installed a whole new water and sewage system in the Old City, thus depriving the visitor of a bit of the old flavor. Everywhere there are hustles going on, for in the Arab and Christian quarters, everyone is a hustler, a con artist of some sort.

Then you cross an imaginary boundary and you're in the old Jewish quarter, and there are no hustles, for there are no people. It looks like a part of Dresden after World War II. Twenty-nine synagogues bombed, burned, beaten to the ground after the War of Independence. Now they are all being rebuilt, by Arabs, to the precise specifications as they existed before.

Here and there are excavations, a Roman bath turned up only 10 feet deep under what was once a synagogue, and 10 feet deeper, another city from another century, and under that, deeper still, catacombs from hundreds and hundreds of years before Christ. Then you come to the edge of a hill, and below you is the Western Wall, the Wailing Wall, and people are praying. It is now the site of still more excavations, which have plunged 13 gigantic blocks deeper into the ground. Whole caverns, rooms, what were once cities are beginning to be uncovered, but it is still the holiest of holy places for the Jews, and work progresses cautiously, slowly in the bright Jerusalem sun.

All around the Old City little kids run around dealing hash, dirty "peektures," a "leetle someting special, sir?" But as Shlomo says, this has been going on for centuries, the same hustles, the same thriving street culture you see today.

Only now the Jews are in command, and the Arab mosques, none of them have been bombed, none touched by even so much as a bullet. When the Israelis retook the Old City in 1967, they did so without firing even one artillery round. They took it street by street, building by building, with infantry, and for this reason, they lost many soldiers. "Now the streets are no longer stained with blood," says Shlomo. "And we all pray for peace. No one wants to fight again for this holy place."

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The Invisible Troopers of New York

BY GEOFFREY STOKES

To most of us, the words "state trooper" conjure up images of the guys in funny hats who give out tickets on the thruway. To Keith Ballou, the words meant something else. At 1:15 on New Year's afternoon, as a happy crowd gathered in the capitol to celebrate Hugh Carey's inauguration, Ballou was bleeding his life out into the Albany snow. He had been shot by a state trooper.

Except for Lieutenant J. F. Taylor, the man who fired the fatal shot, there are no surviving witnesses to the killing, but the following five facts are not in dispute:

- Ballou was driving a stolen car
- He fled after Lieutenant Taylor pulled him over
- He was black
- He was carrying no weapons, and
- He was shot in the back.

To which I would add a sixth: the state police didn't give a fuck.

They did not suspend Taylor. They didn't even bring him up on charges. Instead, within 36 hours of Ballou's death, Taylor's commanding officer stated that a "preliminary investigation" showed that "the lieutenant was justified in shooting the suspect in view of the circumstances." They refused a number of requests to meet with the moderate leadership (the Black Ministers Association and the local NAACP) of the Albany Black community. And when the Albany County Grand Jury (reasonably, given the recent softening of the law governing police use of "deadly physical force") refused to indict Taylor, the state police position was expressed by First Deputy Superintendent Robert Quick: "As far as we're concerned, the case is closed."

Dr. Harry Hamilton, who heads the local branch of the NAACP, is sometimes tempted to agree: "The state police are much bigger than Albany. There's no way we can take them on." Nevertheless, he has worked with local legislators and the minority legislative caucus to keep the case alive, and when Hugh Carey told a news conference that he had demanded a report on the incident and was preparing to make his own judgment on the state police response, Hamilton felt a flicker of optimism.

But the problem for Hugh Carey is less the Ballou incident (which is admittedly unusual; of the 922 times troopers fired their weapons during 1973, 919 shots were to destroy wounded animals) than the state police response to it. They are a closed and inbred group, totally insulated from the concerns of the communities they serve, and quick to close ranks to protect one of their own.

This insularity might be tolerable if they were still a relatively small group of horse soldiers carrying rudimentary law and order to the state's rural frontiers. But they are not. They are an awesomely equipped and highly sophisticated police force. And they are everywhere.

"We're like an iceberg," said a state police official. "We're the hub of all police communication in the state."



Above the din: State police in their Trade Center office

"We're like an iceberg," said Deputy Superintendent Warren Surdam. "We're the hub of all police communication in the state." But in addition to the computerized systems which have been making civil libertarians nervous for years, the state police maintain a large, invisible undercover force. More than 650 plain clothes operatives are concentrated in the state's urban centers, including a force which operates from the 52nd floor of the World Trade Center. Using their computerized ties to the FBI, these men perform highly detailed background checks of "prospective appointees" (remember the FBI check of CBS's Daniel Schorr) for the governor, routinely keeping copies for themselves. Finally, they have the best electronic surveillance equipment money can buy, and they have been known to use it in interesting ways.

According to court papers filed by former state police finance director Frederick Butler, state policemen armed with elaborate surveillance devices accompanied Nelson Rockefeller to the 1968 Republican convention in Miami. Rockefeller subsequently defended their presence through a spokesman, saying that it was for "routine security, and the (electronic) sweep was made defensively."

Though the state police were unquestionably loyal to Rockefeller (he purchased their loyalty by tripling their size and quintupling their budget during his gubernatorial career), they maintain a reputation as an autonomous "non-political" agency. Even New York City police, who remain jealous guardians of their own reputation, speak of the state cops with real respect: "They are," said one detective, "the best."

Or as Sol Greenberg, the Albany County DA who failed to get an indictment in the Ballou incident put it: "They are probably one of the finest police forces in the world . . . by reputation." But that reputation was made a long time

ago, when they may indeed have been one of the finest. They aren't any longer.

From a combination of influences—internal bureaucratic momentum, a closed promotion system, Rocky's desire for his very own police, the gradual urbanization of territories they once patrolled as their own—they have become a dangerous anachronism. They are rural horse police dropped into the middle of a confusing, urban world they never made—and which many of them hate. Though their role expanded dramatically during the Rockefeller years, their leadership structure remained static. Every one of their top officers is a former trooper—a veteran of the time when troopers worked 24-hour shifts in isolated barracks. "There's nothing," said Surdam, "like a 24-hour relationship."

And indeed there isn't. But there comes a time when camaraderie becomes closed-mindedness. The

"success" of the state police's Rockefeller-inspired war on drugs is but one example. In February of 1968, Rockefeller announced that "effective immediately, the state police will undertake a major effort in investigation of criminal trafficking in narcotics and dangerous drugs." Spurred by the former governor, their drug-related arrests rose from 858 in 1967 to nearly 10,000 in 1973. The bulk of those arrests—and convictions, since they came before rural judges and juries—were for marijuana.

The "museum" in the state police academy looks like a terminal 1960s headshop. Arranged in neat rows so that trainees can see what dangerous drug paraphernalia look like are scores of different brands of rolling papers and 100-odd hash pipes.

The relentless ruralism symbolized by the academy's still-displaying rolling papers permeates the state police in dozens of ways, but none is more serious than their attitude toward blacks and other min-

orities. The thinly-veiled conter with which their top brass treat the Albany community's concerns about the Ballou incident is example, but the attitude filters through the entire force. According to one longtime member of the force, many older troopers had never talked to a Black until the first time they arrested one. And the overwhelming majority of even the newest recruits are small-to-whites: 18 of the 4137 troopers are Black. Even Alabama has more.

The state police have come to their racial imbalance as a problem, mostly because they want more black undercover workers (all blacks are currently assigned to the division), but also because they have been under some pressure from federal EEOC. Yet their response has been narrow indeed. They have hired a Black, Dave Harris, as "Supervisor of Minority Group Employment Programs," but his background as a captain in the state correction department is more comfortable for the state police than it is for the urban blacks that are ostensibly seeking to recruit.

Still, Dave Harris is proud of the work he's done; as a result of his efforts, more than 1500 Blacks took the last test. More than 99 percent failed it. Harris admits that the test was culturally biased, but defends it: "We did not have time to create a new test instrument, but we worked to eliminate the more obvious bias." Questions like "Who is the U.N. Ambassador?" were dropped. The people in the state's civil service commission remember it a little differently.

"That's our job," said one. "We had a lot of experience developing job-related tests, but the state police wouldn't let us near this one. I don't know if they were angling for a federal grant (which they recently received to review their tests), but they sure didn't want this one work." Another man confirmed that it was unusual—and perhaps illegal—for an agency to control its own tests: "Everything about them is unusual."

Among the more unusual policies which Carey might look into are the state police rules on weaponry. Though troopers have recently been armed with .357 Magnums ("It's just a technological upgrading," says Surdam, "It's a heavier grain bullet penetrates better"), they are forbidden to fire warning shots, because their weapons are officially "defensive," when they shoot, they shoot to kill. As Surdam put it smiling pleasantly at me with his mouth, "If I were going to use a weapon on you, for instance, I wouldn't just shoot the pen out of your hand." If those rules had existed, Keith Ballou might be alive.

But if Carey really wants to exert control over Rocky's secret police, he will have to figure out exactly what he wants his state police, ours, to do. And then he must make them do it. He could start, in the days of austerity, by taking a hard look at his own budget recommendation. It calls for 100 more undercover state police.

RUNNIN' SCARED

BY MARY PEROT NICHOLS

"Love and affection" for Nelson Rockefeller was the Salute given to our new Veep at the Waldorf Astoria last Thursday night. Thousands of Republicans—as well as a few renegade Democrats like Jerry Finkelstein (father of the famous Andrew Stein)—coughed up \$175 or more for the event. Why? To pay off Malcolm Wilson's campaign debt and let the homefolks know that Nelson was not loosening his grip on the state Republican party—in case he needs it in 1976.

But as I moved along the floor and talked to some of the big businessmen in attendance, and listened to the applause—which was hardly tub-thumping—I got the impression that a lot of people were there not because they wanted to be, but because, given Rockefeller power in the business world, they were afraid not to be.

'Rocky's dinner left me wondering whether it's Nelson or Jerry who lacks the capacity to walk and chew gum at the same time.'

At one point, when Rockefeller waxed patronizingly effusive over the depth and reach of Gerald Ford's mind (the President also attended)—"to observe the brilliance . . . his capacity for conceptual thinking . . . has been for me a tremendous experience . . ." and on, and on—one president of a major corporation called out in disgust, "You're overdoing it, kid!" The scene left me wondering whether it's Nelson or Jerry who lacks the capacity to walk and chew gum at the same time.

Some of Nelson's capacity for "conceptual thinking" was revealed that very night. Before the top Republicans left the Waldorf dais, the twin towers of the World Trade Center, known to their detractors as Nelson and David, were on fire. The Daily News the next morning carried the headline, "Fire Ravages Trade Center," with a photo underneath of a grinning Nelson Rockefeller enthusiastically.

One of the more nauseating moments of the evening was Ford's announcement that he was appointing Rocky head of his Domestic Council. Donald Elliott, former City Planning Commission Chairman and Democratic congressional aspirant from Brooklyn Heights, to his feet clapping and cheering. Elliott lost last year's Democratic primary and it's a good thing, too. There are enough Rockefeller Democrats.

There is a therapeutic effect for me in attending these Republican fat-cat affairs, however. As H. L. Mencken once said when asked why he liked Jews so much, "It's because I hate Christians." Well, those Republican dinners make me feel a little better about being a Democrat.

In one of the more astonishing attacks on an alleged "good government" group since the 19th century—when that was the fashion—Republican Assembly Minority Leader Perry Duryea stood on the assembly floor last week shouting, "Two-hundred million people in this nation are going to know that Common Cause hired a pimp to represent them in New York State!" Whether or not Common Cause lobbyist Al Podell was a pimp is still unclear. Such activities allegedly occurred when he worked for a predecessor "good government" group, the Citizens Union, and he was instantly fired by Common Cause after a story appeared in the Knickerbocker News last Wednesday citing Podell's use of girls to influence state legislators. Later the state assembly voted 134 to 1 to "disapprove him."

The question still remains as to why Common Cause, which announced early this year that it was making New York State its number one target for 1975, hired Podell knowing, as it did, that he had been fired for indiscreet behavior the previous year?

Gary Sperling, executive director of the Citizens Union told me last week that Cynthia Lefferts, state executive director of Common Cause (and an extremely experienced former Rockefeller politico), had checked on Podell with Citizens Union before hiring him. Says Lefferts, "I knew he (Podell) was let go (by CU) after the session . . . they gave me a very careful rundown on him and his good points." She noted that Podell was also interviewed in Washington by former Common Cause national director Jack Conway and that at the time they had concluded he would make a very good lobbyist for Common Cause. What about his reputation for "dirty tricks"? I asked. "At the time I hired him, I didn't know he had a reputation for 'dirty tricks,'" declared Miss Lefferts, adding, "although I knew people who didn't like his style. In very clear words, we made a mistake." □

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PRESS CLIPS

BY ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Country of the Month

Country of the month is indubitably Oman. I refer to the territory on the south side of the Persian Gulf. Ever since the visit of Sultan Qabus to Washington at the start of this month, the sultanate has been creeping up the news columns, displacing Cyprus, nudging aside the Kurds, even daring to engage with the copious flow of copy from strife-torn Ethiopia. Ethiopian news is of course strictly for addicts. I have long ceased to comprehend what is going on there, despite the positively gigantic reports from the valiant David Ottaway which constantly appear in the Washington Post.

Oman is a different matter. It has all the appurtenances of a news-rich piece of real estate. It is "strategically vital" in the sense that it abuts onto the straits of Hormuz, through which tankers bearing oil from the head of the Gulf are alleged to pass every 14 minutes. It has a "long-fester" guerrilla war going on in its southern province of Dhofar. And now it is fast becoming an "American toe-hold." By this is meant the fact that the Americans have twisted the arms of the British to give them landing rights at the Masirah base, thus allowing the arrival of a nice new counter on the war-game boards.

What more could a tiny Sultanate want?

And now one of my favorite reporters, Eric Pace of the New York Times, seems to have taken up permanent residence there, deserting the rigors of Teheran for the merriment of Muscat. Last Monday he produced a very fine lead: "The whispering is spreading under the ceiling fans in Muscat parlors and foreign bankers have been moving through the arcaded ministries, briefcases in hand."

Pace reveals that this whispering has to do with the fact that Sultan Qabus is finding himself short of cash. Pace says that Qabus's penury has little to do with the fact that his air force "has dropped free bonbons to the children of his realm." He seems to think that bonbons and free

outdoor television sets are of less significance than the sultan's grandiose development plans and military expenditure. The government revenues from oil in 1974 were about one billion, of which the sultan took "less than 10 per cent," which seems very reasonable of him.

Presumably the most important fact is that the Omanis are finding it difficult to sell their oil, since the world is now awash with the stuff. Soon it will dawn on everyone that the energy crisis—in the short term at least—simply does not exist. Then journalists and pundits will have to find something else to write about.

But in the meantime let's celebrate the arrival of Oman to full journalistic nationhood. Connoisseurs have been hoping against hope for this event since 1966 when the Peoples' Front for the Liberation of the Arabian Gulf got going. Nine long years later, hopes have come to fruition. Nineteen seventy-five will be the year of Oman, with the added bonus for itinerant journalists that the sultanate is hard to get to, even harder—to judge from Pace's tenure—to leave. Finally Richard Helms, who recently visited it, has pronounced it among the more wonderful places on earth.

The Story of K

I cannot understand the rumors about Henry Kissinger having a contract in his pocket to become president of the University of Chicago. Does he really want to go there one day? Does the university really want to have him?

Meanwhile, just before his Middle Eastern jaunt, K was screaming with rage about the leaks from the CIA. If that damned agency had kept its mouth shut about Chile, he snarled at one visitor, we could have the streets of Lisbon filled with agents today. This is an encouraging story.

On the subject of K, what are we to think of William Safire using his column in the New York Times to draw attention to his article in Harper's magazine? Safire

announced that he was breaching rules of "deep background" to show that K had told people that Ford had better eye-to-eye contact with Brezhnev than poor old P did. This may well be true, though it presumably depended on what time of day the meetings took place. Just like his former friend Willy Brandt, Brezhnev likes to drink, which may have had more to do with his recent rest cure than all those stories about cancer.

A Responsible Item

I know that the mere words "Freedom of Information" are designed to send most people to sleep, but I'm afraid we have to pause to celebrate the fact that this week 17 amendments to the Freedom of Information Act go into effect. After the act first came into being in 1966 its intentions were thwarted by government agencies which used loopholes to keep information out of the hands of the public.

The amendments may change this clench-toothed bureaucratic inertia. Assume that you know that Laurance Rockefeller, to take a hypothetical example, made a deposition to the SEC, in connection with United Nuclear's takeover of Sabre-Pinon in the early 1960s. Previously you could not have obtained the deposition unless it had been introduced into some public record. Now the exemptions are much tighter, and unless enforcement proceedings are pending, or your possession of the document would prejudice someone's right to a fair trial, or invades the privacy of an individual, or discloses a confidential informant or investigative techniques (e.g., wiretaps) or breaches national security, the deposition will be yours.

It is still very unclear what will happen under the amended act. The agencies were supposed to produce guidelines, but so far most of them have come up with nothing. An official of one agency has remarked that if 100 people request files from the FBI, that agency's Freedom of

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With these thoughts in mind you can ask the FBI for your file, so long as you supply \$5 and a set of your fingerprints. Of course, the trick beyond such a simple demand is to know exactly what to ask for, and how can you ask for it until you have found it and therefore know what it is? At the moment agencies like the SEC are quailing at the thought of the bureaucratic and courtroom hassles that may follow the passing of the amended act and may be inclined to cough up information without too much fuss.

Another agency official has sourly remarked that the main users of the old act were not fearless libertarians but corporations getting inside dope on other corporations. "They may find that the amended act goes a lot too far for them," he added sourly. "Then they'll try to get rid of it." In the meantime gather the files as quickly as you can, before things sort themselves out.

Simile of the Week

"For those of us with intellectual pretenses, rock 'n' roll was like masturbation: exciting, but shameful." (Jeff Greenfield on the Beatles in the New York Times Magazine.) I don't want to knock self-abuse, but it's high time this practice went back into the closet where it belongs. Why can't writers find some other habit to compare to?

'Rhino Rape,' Surmises Source

A word about the rhino situation. I have done my best to get to the bottom of it but facts are still hard to come by.

You may have missed the only mention of the tragedy I could find in the American press, a snippet from UPI in the Washington Post for January 25. The dispatch, under the Myrtle had still been alive when they found her early on the

*Oman's hour has come
K...
a very boring item...
journalistic self-abuse...
rhino rape... uncorking
the question.*

morning of the 23rd. They conceded that "rhinos mate with difficulty, after protracted courting." However, after persistent interrogation vital details emerged.

It appears that Mulunda and Myrtle were not alone on the fatal night. In fact they shared their enclosure with no less than 23 other white rhinos. The Whipsnade source added significantly that eight of these other rhinos were female. Insisting that he would go no further than "mere speculation," the source opined that Myrtle may have been attacked by one or more of the younger rhinos, that old Mulunda had tried to horn his way in, as it were, in a rescue head "Rhinos Die Mating" was curt. "A postmortem has suggested that the deaths of two rhinoceroses at the Whipsnade Zoo (outside London) may have been caused by an attempt at mating. Mulunda, 15, the male, died of a heart attack and Myrtle, five, the female, from spinal injuries. Each weighed more than two tons."

The item seemed somehow symbolic and I craved to know more. Needless to say, the American press cloaked the matter in silence and even research in the British papers brought few rewards. Trusted agents of mine pressed forward with enquiries at the Whipsnade Zoo. At first officials there were tight-lipped, merely revealing that bid, but that his brave heart had finally given out. Myrtle, vainly struggling against brutish assault, succumbed in the end to the injuries which claimed her life.

Post Time

Last week I was bleating about the scant publicity given in the New York Times to Charles Colson's remarks on the "Today" show about Henry Kissinger and his instability. I said that I'd had to trudge out and buy the Washington Post. A reproachful note from Warren Hoge, metropolitan editor of the New York Post, landed speedily on my desk with a clipping revealing clearly enough that his paper had done Colson proud. It just goes to show how careful you have to be, even though I've become cautious about mentioning the Post at all, given the writ, or threats of such, from Dorothy Schiff that often attend references to her glorious newspaper.

A Brave Man

The insolence of some British journalists knows no bounds. In the course of an interview with Elliot Richardson, new ambassador to London, William Shawcross of the London Sunday Times apparently addressed him as follows: "Mr. Richardson, rumor has it that you drink to excess. Is this true?" "What rumors?" was Richardson's petulant response. How would you have phrased the question diplomatically? □

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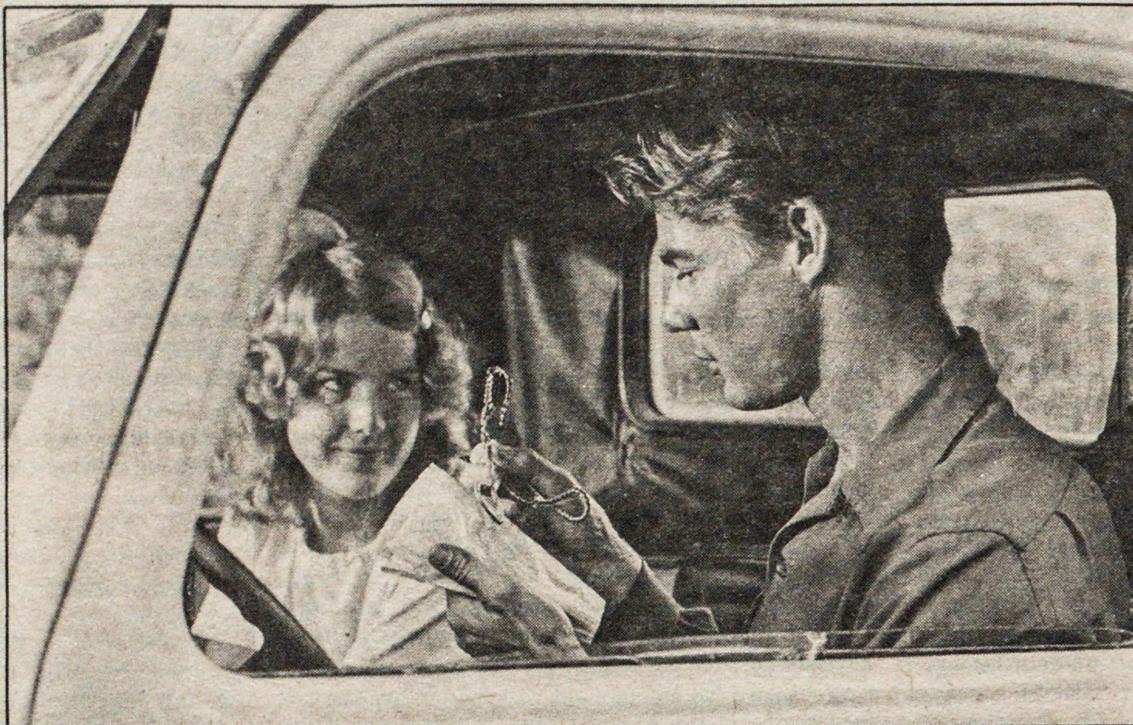
BY JILL JOHNSTON

Friday February 7 I flew into the time warp of the fifties and played my role in the movie script of some visiting planet from another ape. When I returned I decided the whole country is living in the fifties again and that the fifties come and go from decade to decade or century to century and if you happen to be living in the sixties when most everything goes back to the fifties once more you return to your cave in the hills and wait until it all blows over and if possible keep bleeping out the message to the other sixties people that the sixties are still going on.

A friend told me everybody's gone to sleep in the seventies and it's related to the economy. It's always related to the economy. The economy goes up and down and so do people. Currently we're supposed to be very recessed or depressed. However during these depressions somebody always stays awake. I have no idea historically when so many people woke up at once as woke up in the sixties just passed. Before we had an economy everybody was awake. Then gradually the various populations went to sleep and certain individuals would occasionally wake up and possibly sometimes there would be a mass awakening as in the sixties and that wasn't as massive as some of us like to think. For me it was massive because the shock of waking up was proportionate in degree conversely to the number of centuries I'd been sleeping.

The sleepy scary village I flew into February 7 is called West Liberty, West Virginia. I flew to Pittsburgh actually and was driven to West Liberty by three students from the West Liberty State College where I'd been on their books for some time as one of their six speakers of the year. (I later learned I was picked out of a speakers agency brochure along with Julian Bond and a comedy relief team.) The guy who met me at the airport, Wesley or Wexley, and his two "girlfriends," Sheryl and Karen, were conventionally polite and said they couldn't wait for the "show." The guys are guys and the girls are girls and the guy drove the car and did most of the talking and the girls sat in the back responding only to questions as though I were a questionnaire form and they respond only to form unless they're sharing their own secrets. I interrogated them relentlessly about themselves and the school and what they told me added up to the fifties. Sheryl was hanging out until something else happened, marriage I presumed, and Karen was studying soc. and psych., and Wesley was active on the speakers committee. He tried to bring a rock group called Bertha to the campus but Bertha was rejected cause nobody had heard of them, and the girls are worried about what the boys and everybody will think or say about them. They referred to this fear in terms of a purity which wasn't clearly defined except that if they went into the "pub" alone to drink beer and play pool they might be considered impure, and there were five girls to one guy on the

'In the sleepy scary village I flew into, the guys are guys and the girls are girls; the guy drove the car and did most of the talking.'



"Buster and Billy," a '50s morality tale

campus and nobody knows why and the college is a "suitcase" college which means that most of the students go home on the weekend to their "boyfriends" who may or may not be mythical and most of the girls are studying dental hygiene and there's a lot of drinking and nobody cares about anything much and would I report them for smoking a joint in the car on the way to the "show."

As we left the car I removed my toothbrush from a plastic bag in my briefcase to an inner jacket pocket. I was in the middle of the dental hygiene belt. I forgot to brush my rotten teeth anyway, and a set of perfect African ivories wouldn't've helped my situation, which was truly dark and abysmal. I even forgot to rap about "Buster and Billy" and Alix Schulman's "The War in the Back Seat." I saw "Buster and Billy" a few months ago in a cavernous, near-empty movie theatre in New England and I was so upset I left my wallet cum total identification upside down spilling itself on my seat. I read Alix's essay that appeared in the Atlantic Monthly in '72 last year and it inspired me to try and write a boarding-school girl's version of the war in the back seat that Alix so eloquently described from the point of view of a regular straight girl from anyplace in Amerika and in her case from a white middle-class suburban girl's Ohio. She led off her piece: in those days, nice girls didn't lead on the dance floor, or . . . then she said the revival of the forties and fifties is upon us, that the middle-American time of her youth is gaining its place in our historical imagination, that movies, essays, stories, novels, and the sheer passage of time have already begun transforming that era from banal to exotic.

That was 1972. This is '75 and Kent State was '70 and life is imitating art again. I didn't really think I was looking at a period piece when I went to see "Buster and Billy" a few months ago but it took a visit to West Liberty, West Virginia to see myself in the movie which is life. I asked Wesley if the fears of the "girls" weren't justified and he had to admit they were. The fears related to "purity"—which remained specifically undefined, but there was hardly a peep out of any woman at the gathering for which I was designated speaker, and the males were overbearing and obnoxious, and the general atmosphere was so predisposed to hostility and/or the expectations of a "show" or a "lecture" that it seemed clear I was moving backwards like a reel in reverse into a clip from my life when I was a proper nice white middle-class American girl who wouldn't dream of "doing it" until I was married.

My mother had the foresight to lock me up in a girls' boarding school as soon as I was out of the sixth grade, so I wasn't exposed the way many of my sisters were in the cities and provinces to the real war in the back seats, but no corner of the culture, even a nunnery, was immune to the atmosphere of the times, thus most of my sisters in school were preparing themselves just like the others "outside" for men marriage and children and possibly the only advantage of being cloistered was that the struggle to keep your clothes on was delayed until later. Anyway I was never directly exposed to the terrible dilemma that Alix describes of what would happen if you did it and the adolescent life of fantasy and projection with marriage at the end of it if you didn't.

"Nice girls didn't wear their heels the wrong height, their sweaters

without slips, the wrong kind of bras, their hair the wrong style. Nice girls didn't talk to boys to whom they hadn't been introduced, clinch too long with boys to whom they had, and more important still, talk to girls who weren't nice girls." A girl who succumbed had a "reputation" and a girl who didn't was a librarian if she wasn't beautiful and a homecoming queen if she was.

Billy's girlfriend and bride-to-be when they would graduate in June was the prettiest girl in the school and she came from the right side of the tracks. Billy himself is the star male attraction, he's the star of the movie and that's his basic recommendation. He's a faithful well-mannered son who helps his dad on their one-horse farm, but he's a proper dashing cut-up as soon as he heads out for school in the morning in his old truck and careens gleefully down the dirt road chasing after the school bus which he passes in a huge swirl of dust to the great consternation of the driver who's temporarily blinded and the great joy of Billy's schoolmates who love him and his pranks. This scene establishes Billy's credentials as a successful daredevil who flaunts the authorities they all hate and gets away with it. Another scene in his truck—"making out" on an evening date with his steady girl and bride-to-be—establishes him as a "real man" who has dibs on the prettiest most desirable girl and whose virility is beyond question but properly frustrated by the marriage morals of the community.

The task of keeping them both in line is delegated to the girl of course, and to her thus goes the opprobrium of censor and killjoy, and her disgrace should she lapse, and her just desserts when Billy finds the frustration intolerable and "jilts" her and humiliates her by replacing her

with the school whore. The whore is Buster and she lives in a shack with her ignorant depressed recessed parents and she wears sackcloth to school and doesn't have any friends and she's impassive and never speaks. In a metaphorical sense Billy's "nice girl" turns into a "real girl."

As a girl of the fifties Alix wrote: "...even the possibility of good sex disappeared before the specter of what we might be losing. For we risked losing the one asset that kept us listed on the Big Board in the Marriage Market—'respect'—and getting instead the one that scratched us off—a 'reputation,' and once that occurred, a girl turned from a nice girl, who at least had the right (as well as the duty) to protest a boy's sexual advances, into a 'real girl,' against whom anything went. According to conventional wisdom, ridicule was the least she deserved, but even rape, particularly if done in a gang, was forgivable . . ."

In "Buster and Billy" sexual license is represented in one of these types of scenes when six or seven of the school's scared pale pimply bullies enact the ritual of gang-bang by luring Buster out by the riverbank and sticking it in one by one as she lies there like a sleeping Reubens odalisque in the guise of a plain dumb blonde broad in Appalachian sack-cloth. She's long succumbed to her one function in the community. She was the hole. And the agony of the film begins when Billy falls in love with her (after another conventional "backseat" seduction date scene) and throws the double standard of the community into disorder. He tries to legitimize Buster for instance by appearing at church on Sunday with the girl on his arm. The community is horrified. He and Buster become isolated in their love affair, which is romantically fabulous and beautiful.

The implicit tragedy of the story is that Buster begins speaking and comes out of herself, becomes a human being, but only in relation to Billy; she's delivered by him and her consciousness stops there. The explicit tragedy is that she's caught offguard in the woods one day dreamily drawing Billy's name in the dirt with a stick and raped and killed by the original but by now enraged gang of second-rate boys. This time she fights back and for her resistance they slug her to death. Billy finds the murderer's and takes blood revenge on two of them and beats up the rest and makes the last trip we see in his truck loaded with flowers for Buster's grave. Presumably the community returns to normal. The whore and Billy have been punished for their transgressions and Billy will marry the right kind of girl.

As I said I walked out of the theatre so upset I left my wallet upside down spilling itself on my seat. I felt terrible about Buster. I wanted to talk about it in West Virginia but obviously I'd walked right into it. You could cut it with a broadsword. A male down front

wearing the vestiges of the freak sixties hairdo and ostentatiously waving a clipboard with some papers stuck in it wanted to know what my credentials were (for being there). He expected a lecture and was ready to take notes. A light black woman with reddish curls tried to introduce me—“... Miss Johnston, who will expound. . . .” and I dismissed her as soon as I heard the word expound. The point is by what authority do I speak for myself.

During the fifties nobody is their own authority, much less on themselves, this judgment is always reserved for others. If you play your part like a good teacher and take the podium and lecture your inferiors the least you'll incur is a silent hatred. For the gig at West Liberty State College I rejected the podium altogether, the gathering wasn't that big anyway, and sat at the edge of the stage dangling my legs and moved everybody down front and kept insisting on a dialogue which felt like pulling needles out of cement. They wanted to be “shocked” and entertained, if not academically informed. I was a planet from another zoo. They mentioned the ever imminent possibility of being fired or expelled for “immoral conduct.”

At length I made off with the “girls”—about 15 of them—who were closet or curious or thawed out, to a small room in a dorm where something more human happened for a couple of hours. At midnight they wanted to “party” in a car, it was too dangerous in the dorm, but I didn't want to budge so they taped up the door to lock in the odor and periodically sprayed the room with an atomizer. One of those real nice pretty girls asked questions persistently about what it was like for a woman to relate to another woman. I kept up the soft sell but a more direct dyke from the area lost her or our patience at one point and said in effect the only way to find out honey was to go and do it. Before the “party”—at the rap group—just before midnight, an amazing thing happened: a right-on attractive regular “girl” in a flannel shirt and denims roused herself to vertical and brightly said she was the assistant dean of women and was arranging a woman's week for four days in April including a day devoted to lesbianism. Most of the other women didn't even know she was the assistant dean. It's her first year there and she's being laid off at the end of it and the “woman's week” would be the first (and possibly last) introduction of feminism at this particular place. I asked her if she didn't realize what an incredible misappropriation of funds it was to have me come in February as one of their six “entertainers” of the year.

At 2 a.m. several women walked me to the student union building where they'd reserved a room for me for the night. The room was motel Sears style with TV an all and we heard a lot of yelping as soon as we walked in. The pub downstairs had just closed and the boys were in a pre-spring warm-up or something for their beer and panty raids. It looked like a guy was humping one of your “real girls” out on the snowy lawn. We opened the window to look and yell but I was afraid of attracting their attention to us. Several other guys approached the humping couple.

le and they all went home. I slept alone in the big student union until seven when a business major called Rick rang my phone to wake me up for the drive back through the steel mills along the Ohio River to the Pittsburgh airport.

Driving into the bare cold hills I looked back at the college huddled in a crease of a valley, an isolated red brick prison of sororities fraternities business and dental hygiene. I never did brush my teeth. Rich dropped off a schoolmate and his girlfriend in a town called Wierton. He said with a proud edge that she was an oil baron's daughter from Iran and she was up for homecoming queen this year and any girl would be very happy to be such a queen. He implied that the woman's movement was really bad since he's read that violent crimes by women had tripled since some time or other. Anyway, he said, it would die like the other movements, specifically the Vietnam War movement, I assumed he meant the peace aspect of it. He's a fifties boy through and through. He even thinks that his father died last year at aged 42 of an “accident” when he was working on his car in the garage and overcome by carbon monoxide.

I flew back home to imitate life by bleeping out some art on the fifties and the seventies and how it's related to the economy and sleeping populations and sex and purity on a planet not yet visited by the proper inchworm. □

Ecumenical Talks

On five consecutive Thursdays during Lent, starting February 20, five churches in the Village area will sponsor an ecumenical series of lectures entitled “New Perspectives for Christian Morality in the 1970s.” The series will open at St. Joseph's Casserly Hall, 371 Sixth Avenue at Washington Place, with the Reverend Francis X. Murphy speaking on world famine. Subsequent talks will feature Gabriel Moran on “The Race between Education and Disaster: Are Churches Running Yet?” at St. Luke's Hall, Hudson and Grove Streets, on February 27; Charles Wesley Shikes on “Christian Morality, the Family, and the Sexual Revolution” at Grace Church, Broadway and 10th Street, on March 6; and the Reverend Charles Yerkes on crime and prison reform at the First Presbyterian Church, 12 West 12th Street, on March 20. Talks will run from 7:30 to about 8:45 with some time before and after for coffee and informal talk.

'Earnest' Opera

The world premiere in English of “The Importance of Being Earnest,” an opera by the late Italian-American composer Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, will be presented on Saturday, February 22, at 8 p.m. at LaGuardia Community College in the auditorium of Aviation High School, Queens Boulevard and 35th Street, in Long Island City. Tickets are \$1.50 and \$3. The premiere is the second of seven events in LaGuardia's first American Music Festival which commemorates the 80th anniversary of the birth of Castelnuovo-Tedesco.



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SCENES

BY HOWARD SMITH & BRIAN VAN DER HORST

UNSCREWED

Why would Jim Buckley relinquish half of a business that last year grossed over three million dollars? Fear and pride, he says. Buckley and Al Goldstein co-founded Screw Magazine seven years ago, and now Jim is selling out to his partner.

"Ever since our armed robbery last year," Buckley told me last week, "I've been paranoid. When I get in an elevator with another person I go into a sweat. I used to be cool, but now I feel they're going to kill me for no reason. After I finish the six porno films I'm working on, I'm heading for Telluride, Colorado, for three months of skiing, followed by a trip around the world. After that, I'm just going to keep on making films."

"I don't like to say it, but all the obscenity lawsuits are also a part of it. (Both he and Goldstein are now fighting a particularly tough federal case emanating from Kansas.) Screw is so reactionary now, it just doesn't say what I want it to say anymore. If it were my publication it would be more on the lines of joyous sex instead of the exploitational way it is now. Anyway, everybody associates the paper with Goldstein now."

"My shrink says maybe Jim smells disaster and is jumping ship like a rat," comments Goldstein on the rupture. "I have been getting a lot of the credit on the magazine—deservedly. I'm a much more interesting person than he is. And Jim's lazier than I am. I don't like doing all the work with Jim getting half the money."

I asked Goldstein if this was the culmination of all the tussles the two had fought together in print. "The fights were real," he said. "His wife wouldn't talk to me after I called him a faggot in the paper. My wife wouldn't talk to him after he wrote that she had been impregnated by a black stud. There has been real hatred. I've wished him dead; he's wished me dead. He was glad I looked a fool in Playboy. Where I'll really miss him is in jail. It was kind of nice to know I'd always have a double—and now it will be a single cell."

But wasn't Al worried about his health in the business as well as Jim? "I carry a 38 strapped to my ankle—and I'm no Serpico. One day I'm going to shoot my toe off. One of them are going to take a shot at me someday, I suppose. You should have seen the death mail when I put Joe DiMaggio on the shit list. But I'm an experience freak—the fear vitalizes me."

Goldstein describes the financial arrangements of the change as giving Buckley an amount in excess of \$500,000 during the next three years. Buckley says his years at the magazine have left him "close to a millionaire," but that his departure will certainly make Goldstein a millionaire. "That's quite right," agrees Al. "When he leaves, my salary, which is over \$100,000 a year, automatically doubles." But there is one more clause in their disbanding contract

"If Buckley has to go to jail because of any of the pending Screw lawsuits," says Al, "Even though I'll own the paper then, we'll each get the same salary during our prison term."

Will Goldstein make any changes in the magazine after April 1? "Well there are a lot of things I've been waiting to do that I've held off because of resentment toward Jim. And if I destroy Screw in the process of upgrading it, I don't really care. It will be mine."

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

Mike Asquino has a problem, and this time he doesn't know how to get rid of it. Usually he just saves it. For instance, he has every penny that ever passed into his hands since he was five or six. And now, at the age of 23, he's got a million of them. He's also got one million baseball cards, which he says are worth around \$100,000, and full collections of American Heritage, Life, and Look magazines. And practically every toy, memento, or gimcrack he's ever owned.

And now, kind of by accident, into his possession has fallen one million rare, antique, never-used but fully-documented liquor labels: one thousand different kinds, in sets of two to 10 thousand apiece; one million total. But, Mike doesn't want any more collections.

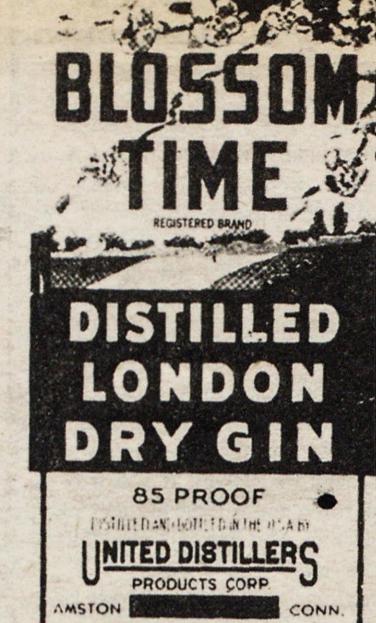
"I'm selling out," he told me last week, "It's too much of a storage problem." The labels are now packed away in 45 cartons in the basement of the 20-years defunct United Distiller's plant in Amston, Connecticut. Mike's father recently bought the deserted buildings and was about to junk the labels when Mike came upon them. "They were in terrific condition," says Mike. "Most of them still had their original trademark certifications from the Treasury Department attached. But because many had been printed just before prohibition, a lot were never used. Some of them are just beautiful, full-color scenes on them and everything."

But now Mike, who has dozens of safety-deposit vaults in his name crammed with things like complete sets of \$500-a-card Honus Wagner baseball cards doesn't even want to bother cataloguing his new find. "I'm looking for a buyer. This isn't my real life. I write music for television commercials." (If anyone's interested, they can call Mike at 203-348-2025.)

I asked Mike for how much would he part with all of those irreplaceable liquor labels? "Well," he said dead seriously, "Considering some people pay \$100 for a set of six when they've been laminated—I think a quartet of a million dollars would be sufficient."

SAVE A MARRIAGE

A husband and wife are fighting. They hurl insults at each other. Their animosity increases, and finally the



Mike Asquino's got one million of these.

woman lifts a vase over his head. Her spouse picks up the telephone, as if to throw it. But he doesn't. Instead, he's dialing Save A Marriage. He yells into the phone, "my wife's about to kill me with the 12th-century Ming!" He holds the receiver out to his mate, and a commanding voice issues: "Hold it! Now about your problem. . . ."

That's the scenario that psychotherapist Laura J. Singer would like to see happen after April 1 when Save A Marriage, Inc.—What Dr. Singer describes as "the first telephone crisis counselling service for marriages in distress—will begin operation.

"We intend to do what we can over the telephone," she told me last week. "We'll try to help callers distinguish which are real problems, which situations are acute or chronic, and then try to suggest alternatives and offer at least one new way to deal with each other. We will also make referrals to clinics, agencies, or institutions—not to individual doctors—for further help. Hopefully, we'll be able to maintain a list of such places that have little or no waiting lists so that callers can get quick further attention."

Dr. Singer, who has been organizing Save A Marriage for a year and a half, is a former president of the American Association of Marriage and Family Counsellors, and teaches at several New York colleges. The advisory council of SAM is packed with more than 50 of the city's more prominent shrinks. And the teams of bilingual volunteers who will be manning the hotline around the clock will all have had prior training as marital therapists.

Because SAM is still in the process of formation, its telephone numbers have not yet been assigned as of this writing. However, interested professionals and funding organizations may obtain information on this non-profit company by writing Dr. Singer at 41 Central Park West, New York City 10023.

Meanwhile, SAM's staff is now diligently rehearsing in front of videotape cameras to check each other's response as one therapist calls another on the phone. "We anticipate that most distress calls will be done by individuals"—adds Singer, "Something like a man calling up and saying 'I just found out my wife is screwing around!' Our

people have had experience in these matters before, but they've never had to act fast. You should see what it's like with one psychiatrist yelling into a phone at another, even if it is just practice."

REFLECTIONS IN A CAMERA'S EYE

Calling it "the most dramatic advance in film technology since the war," the British magazine, New Scientist, recently described Colorflex as an invention that will permit motion pictures to be shot by a single candle flame or the light of the moon.

English cinematographer Gerry Turpin invented the process after noticing one day that the bark of a silver birch tree was still white even when seen through the reflection of a green curtain in his bedroom window. The garden scene, however, still looked as if it had been tinged with a green overlay. Colorflex is a lens hood which employs a light source and a sheet of glass in much the same fashion.

Though the process was first used in "Young Winston," to give a subtle color overtone to certain scenes without distorting skin tones, last month Turpin made another discovery about colorflex: it could be used to boost the effective speed of film by a staggering amount. He could now shoot color film in virtually darkness without the usual cumbersome Hollywood lights.

It works like this: first Colorflex is used to overlay a scene being photographed with a specific amount of a certain hue. Later, in the laboratory, that extra color is removed in processing, leaving behind a perfectly normal, well-lit image. In a demonstration last month at the National Film Theatre, Turpin showed sample movies of his new process and the British motion picture industry reportedly flipped. Films underexposed by a factor of five full stops had been made with candlelight illumination with perfect color balance, and fully-defined, grain-free emulsions.

Of course, the next step will probably be made by surveillance agencies. From now on when you light up a joint on a dark streetcorner, remember that tiny glow may be all the light some narcotics agent may need to make a little movie that will put you away for years.

ACROSS 125TH STREET

Tucked in between two other real estate classifieds in the Wall Street Journal offering a Ramada Inn in Alabama and a chunk of suburban Florida acreage last week, was the following advertisement: "For Sale: Harlem's World Famous Apollo Theatre." Could the demise of such a landmark be sandwiched among such company?

I had heard it had been for sale some time ago. Had it changed hands? I called the Apollo and asked for the manager. Bob Schiffman picked up the phone. Who owns the Apollo now? I asked. "I do," he said. Is it still for sale? "Everything's for sale," he told me. "You want my car? That's for sale. You want my wife—you can buy her. I've owned the Apollo since 1934 and my father owned it before me. It's been for sale for the past 10 years."

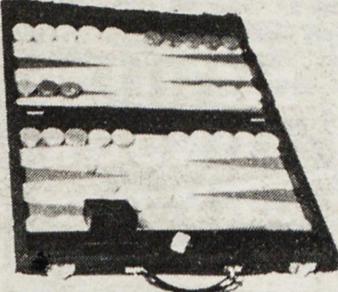
"I've always felt that the theatre is a major cultural center for the Harlem community, and it should be owned and operated and purchased by blacks—and a few years ago a syndicate was put together by some local people, but when the national interest rates went up, the deal fell through. But it's still for sale for anybody who's got around three million dollars. You want to buy it? Call my agent, Gene Giscombe at 286-1111." I explained that I was just curious, but that I would pass on the information.

SCENERY

Leela is the perfect game for those who find Tarot too complicated and the I Ching too prolix. Reportedly the Hindu equivalent to the other two systems of philosophical archetypes, the 2000-year-old game has recently been translated from Sanskrit along with a commentary into a book called "Leela: The Game of Self Knowledge." Written by Harish Johari, founder of the Tantra Research Institute, (\$4.95 paperback; Coward-McCann and Geoghegan) and due out at the end of the month, Claudio Naranjo describes "Leela" in his forward as "a pleasant means of absorption and familiarization with Indian metaphysics."

The Science Fiction Review will be the first magazine of its kind when it comes out in March: a publication totally devoted to critical appraisals of all new books, series, and anthologies in this rapidly expanding field—everything, they say, from heaves like Clarke, Asimov, and Heinlein to the adventures of Cap Kennedy, Perry Rhodan, and other bug-eyed monster fighters. Sample copies are \$1 from The Science Fiction Review, 56 Eighth Avenue, New York City, 10014.

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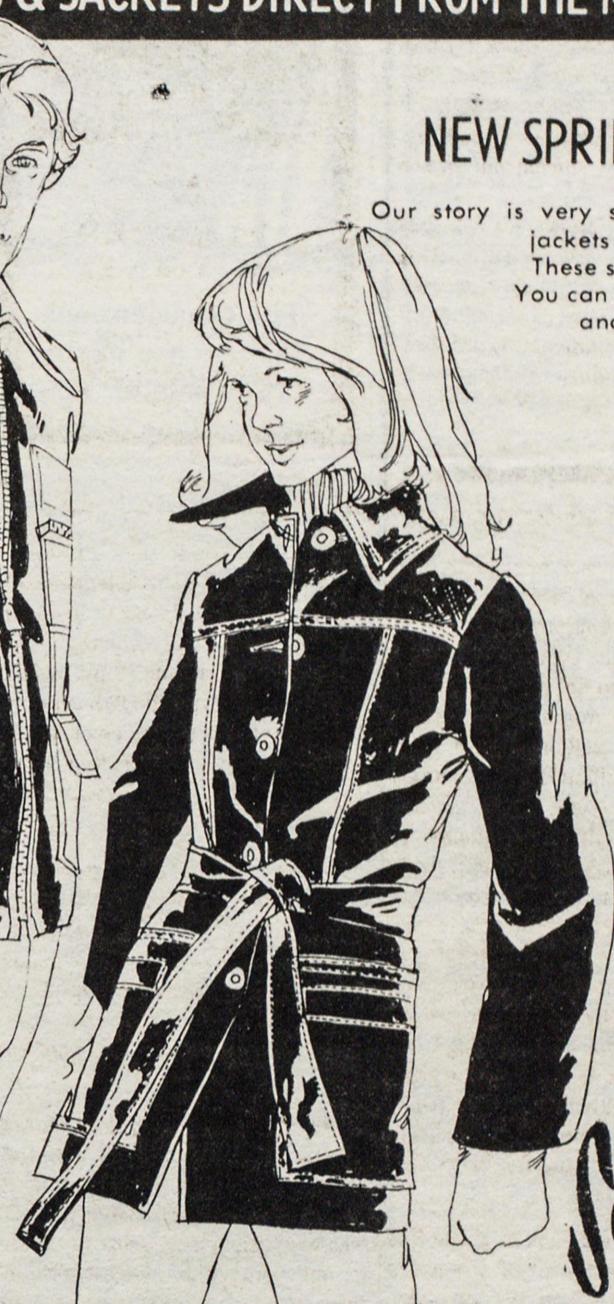
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Our story is very simple . . . we sell leather and suede jackets and coats to many of your favorite stores. These stores charge you **DOUBLE** their cost prices. You can come direct to us. Buy these same leathers and suedes for only **half the prices** you'd pay in these stores. Three out of any four people who visit our warehouse buy for one or more of the following reasons:

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HIS—shown in glove soft leather
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REGULAR RETAIL \$140

HERS—shown in glove soft leather
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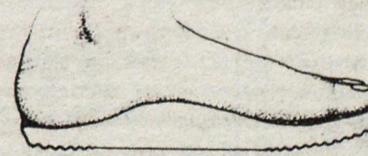
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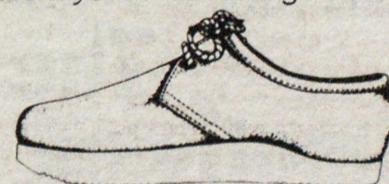
**Roots would like
your next walk to class
to be a part of your education.**

We'd like you to learn a little about your feet—why they work as they do, and why they don't always work as they should. Did you know, for example, that if instead of banging your soles about on campus concrete, you were to go strolling barefoot on a beach, two things would result.



First, your grades would drop. Secondly, your heel would make the deepest part of your footprint. This is because nature intended your heel to be the lowest part of your body. So in Roots your heel sits in the lowest

part of the shoe. You immediately stand straighter. And when you walk, you use leg muscles you probably haven't used for years. All of this takes the load off other parts of your body, parts which all too often get overworked from incorrect posture. If you're wondering whether all



this can happen in good-looking well-made footwear, try on a pair for yourself. One look should persuade you that Roots is much more than a beautiful idea. It's also a very attractive shoe.

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HOW BOB GUCCIONE SHOOTS CHEESECAKE (P.110)

THEATRE—P. 75

ART—P. 85

TV—P. 88

MUSIC—P. 97

POETRY—P. 29



Son of 'Moonchildren': Julius Novick finds Michael Weller's "Fishing" gratifying, but...



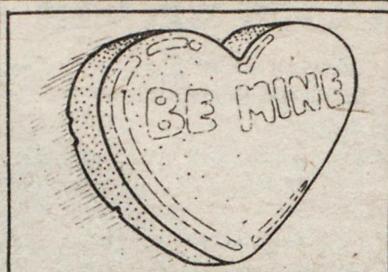
Body Artists Without the Bodies: David Bourdon's flesh crawls at some of the body art in town.



Lily Tomlin Takes Her Chances: Nick Kazan finds her methodology admirable but uncertain.



Sonny Rollins's Options: Gary Giddins wishes his music were as clear on record as it is live.

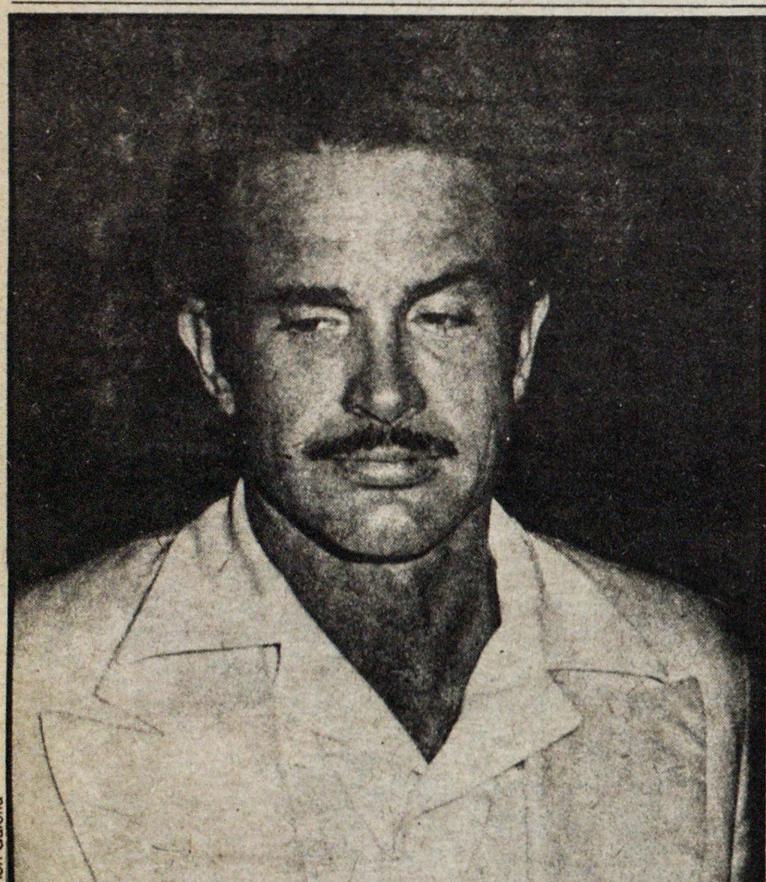


Valentine: Joel Oppenheimer ruminates over a holiday message that never got delivered.

VOICE ARTS

THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF NEW YORK

MON. FEB. 24, 1975



Ron Galella

Warren Beatty: The Stud as a Thoughtful Man

'You have to count points against me for seriousness, but once in a while I have something serious to say.'

BY TAG GALLAGHER

Filmmaking, politics, and what he calls "fun seeking" seem to be Warren Beatty's avocations, and all three come together in "Shampoo," a film in which Beatty not only stars but also co-scripted and produced.

As a filmmaker, Beatty has often played a more responsible role than have other superstars in similarly commanding positions, and has collaborated creatively with his directors. On several occasions, most notably with "Bonnie and Clyde," it

Continued on page 60

Now for the suds: Andrew Sarris reviews Beatty's work in "Shampoo." See p. 61.

Female Impersonators: The Great Escape

'The impersonator is not only an illusionist, he's a Houdini slipping free from the self.'

Enthralled with Charles Pierce (right) and Craig Russell. By Karen Durbin (P. 108)



Sylvia Plachy